Saturday Review

ARCH 19, 1955 / 20¢

OOKING THROUGH
HE PAST TO THE FUTURE
y James T. Shotwell

PPOMATTOX: EPIC
URRENDER
y Virginius Dabney

ET'S LOOK IT UP:
eference Books for the Home

Rebecca West, author of
"A Train of Powder." (See page 12)

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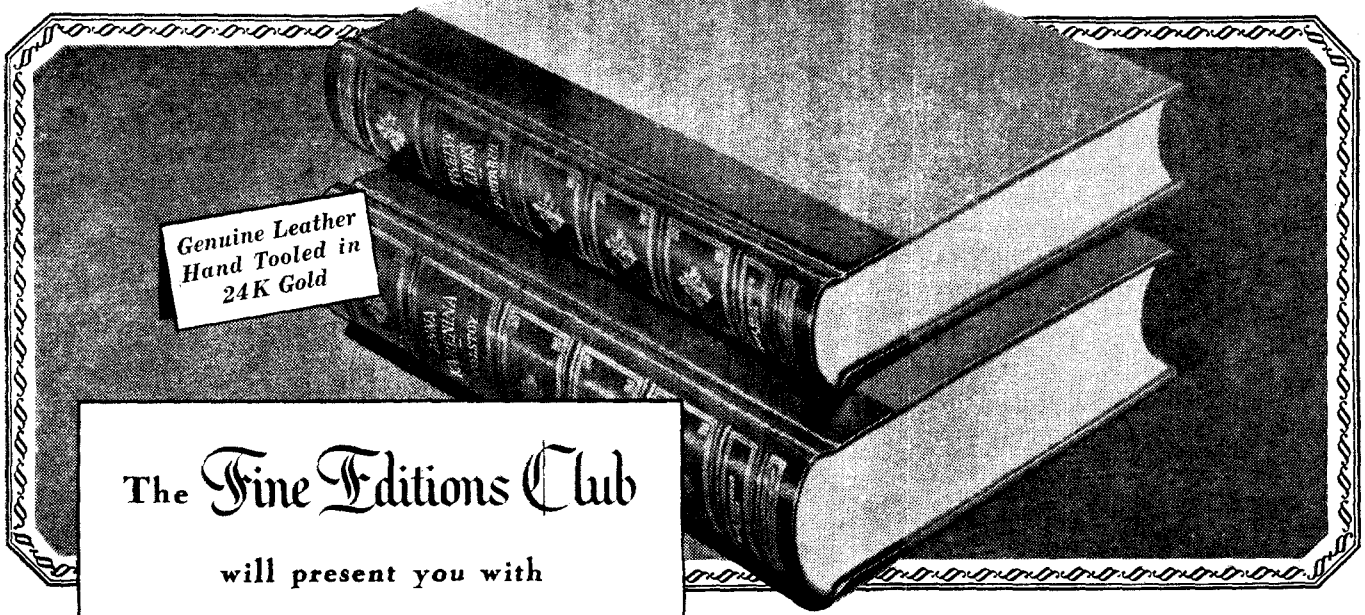

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 19, 1955

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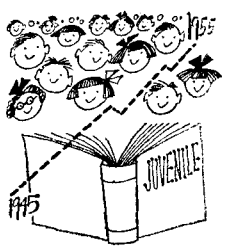
TRADE Winds

IN CASE YOU'RE wondering why the sale of juvenile literature should be booming ahead so much faster than any other kind of books, there are approximately five million more kids of reading age in this country today than there were ten short years ago. By



1960, furthermore, Kiplinger Agency statisticians predict, school enrolments, now twenty-eight millions, will soar to thirty-three millions, necessitating enlistment of 700,000 more teachers. Tight-fisted legislators will have to up the take-home pay of teachers substantially, or they'll never get 'em!

In the past five years, says Kiplinger, the growth of population in the U.S. has averaged 6 per cent, and the growth in number of businesses 4 per cent. In population growth, Nevada led with 33 per cent (more impressive in percentage than actual numbers, and probably including slot machines at that). Arizona was second with 31 per cent, Florida third with 26 per cent, California fourth with 17 per cent (far in the lead in actual numbers), and Delaware, somewhat surprisingly, fifth with 14 per cent.

In growth in number of businesses, New Mexico led with 25 per cent, followed by Florida with 23 per cent, Georgia and Louisiana tied with 18 per cent, and Nevada with 17 per cent.

Before you start packing your duds, furniture, and precious books, however, and traipse off to California or Florida yourselves, I urge you to read Bruce Bliven's article on California in the January *Harper's* magazine, and a companion piece on Florida in the February number. All that glitters in that blessed sunshine, apparently, is not necessarily golden.

IT WAS IN CALIFORNIA that I heard the story of a small boy who invaded the lingerie section of a big department store and shyly presented his problem to a lady clerk. "I want to buy my mom a present of a slip," he said, "but I'm darned if I know what size she wears." The clerk said, "It would help to know if your mom is tall or short, fat or skinny." "She's just perfect," beamed the small boy, so the clerk wrapped up a size 34 for him.

Two days later, mom came to the store herself and changed it to a 52.

DOROTHY RODGERS, WIFE of the composer, is one of the most accomplished and persuasive gameplayers extant. She now is determined to restore to favor the pastime of charades in verse that enjoyed a vogue in grandma's day. (Edward Bellamy's brother, in fact, had two full books of them published by Houghton Mifflin.) Dorothy calls her new version "Hasharades." Four examples follow. The solutions, for dullards who cannot cope with the situation, are buried near the bottom of this column:

I.

The Eighty-third Congress it *first*
and it *first*.
But lots of its members got down
on the mat
And cried "It's only one *third*
fourth
That *second* calling so loud for
stubborn inaction!"
For most of us this was no *entire*.

II.

Our war with the *first* started off
pretty late.
Some think that you catch it; I
think it's *second third*.
Ideas can *entire* and so can grass
Guess this and go to the head of
the class.

III.

My *first* is a help on a very hot
day.
My *whole* is a specialist in his
own way.
And if you're a *second third*.
This game's easy to play.

Our *entire* system was discovered
long ago
By a fellow who had to *second* his
facts from what was in the know.

Although he was *third fourth fifth*
And has since had lots of glory
The end of this true story

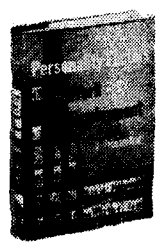
INNER MAN *vs.* OUTER WORLD

The other day we asked a young salesman of our acquaintance what he thought about a book we've recently published with the somewhat formidable title of *Personality Factors In Work And Employment*. The salesman had just finished it and still had it in his hand. "I almost wish I'd never read it," he replied.

"Why so?"

"Well," he explained, "I feel now that I know almost more about myself and the people I work for than I'm entitled to know."

That is exactly the kind of book that *Personality Factors* is. The author, Dr. Geraldine Pederson-Krag, has had wide experience—as a special consultant for the General Electric Company, the New York State Department of Labor, and the American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company in addition to her own private practice of psychiatry. She writes simply (without using the jargon of either business or psychiatry) and directly to the point. This is no glib, plausible handbook, but a wise and sincere attempt to explore and explain what makes for individual success or failure in a particular job, and why some people do better at one kind of work, and others at another. It explores both the outer world of work and the inner world of adjustment. We commend it to everyone who works, in or out of the personnel field. Just published, $3.75.



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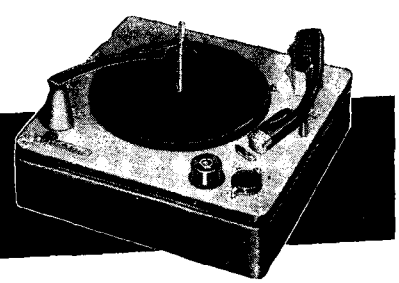

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Is that no *first* upon him did anyone bestow.

AN AGGRESSIVE SALESMAN barged into the office of publisher Robert Haas and told him, "I can get you a new twenty-one-inch color television set for $800 cash. Are you a man or a mouse?" Haas, paling visibly, hastily replied, "I'm a colorblind mouse." That accomplished, Roberto produced a charade in verse of his own, the solution of which is appended to Dorothy Rodgers's below:

I think tonight of spicy lands,
And let my fancy roam
O'er foreign seas to perfumed isles
Thousands of leagues from home.
Their *first* I know I'd hold most dear,
Like mariners of yore,
Who knew it well from poetry
As ever and before—
They would have died for want of *one*
While *seconding* to shore.
Two, noble peaks and verdant *thirds,*
I long to be with you,
And run to bathe in crystal pools
Through ferns bedecked with dew!
I dream a dazzling coral beach,
A palm tree straight and tall,
Yet higher still, if this be dream,
I seem to dream an *all*—
So come, my love, and heed with me
The tropics' honeyed call!

PRESUMABLY, EVERY READER of TRADE WINDS is an expert on American literature, so, while brain teasing is in order, you will be able to tell at a glance the sources of the following ten quotations. The answers also can be found further on:

1. The man who goes alone can start today.
2. I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well.
3. As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.
4. It is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.
5. It is never too late to give up our prejudices.
6. Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?
7. Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes.
8. The civilized man is a more experienced and wiser savage.
9. There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted.
10. If I seem to boast more than is becoming, my excuse is that I brag for humanity rather than for myself.

GAMES LIKE "HASHARADES" and "Who Said That?" never would have gotten

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very far when the late Robert Benchley was around. In a piece called "Ladies Wild," Mr. B. confessed, "In the exclusive set (no diphtheria allowed) in which I travel, I am known as a heel in the matter of parlor games. I will drink with the ladies, wrassle with them, and leer at them, but when they bring out the bundles of pencils and the pads of paper and start putting down all the things they can think of beginning with 'W,' or enumerating each other's bad qualities (no hard feeling results, mind you—just lifelong enmity), I tiptoe noisily out of the room and say, 'The hell with you.'

"For this reason, I am not usually included in any little game that may be planned in advance. If they foresee an evening of 'Consequences' coming over them, they whisper, 'Get Benchley out of the house.' For, I forgot to tell you, not only am I a non-participant in parlor games but I am a militant non-participant. I heckle from the sidelines. I throw stones and spit at the players. Hence the nickname: 'Sweet Old Bob,' or sometimes just the initials."

ROGER PRICE HAS STOPPED "droodling" long enough to invent a No-Cal Embalming Fluid. It's designed for people determined to adhere to a diet to the bitter end. . . . Fellow in Pittsburgh has figured out a new epitaph to be carved on his gravestone: "Well, that's *that!*" . . . John O'Hara wants to write a book about a French cop called "My Friend the Flic," just to see how many people will confuse John O'Hara's "My Friend the Flic" with Mary O'Hara's "My Friend Flicka." . . . The answers to the "hasherades" above are: 1. Satisfaction; 2. Germinate; 3. Fancier (though some will consider fanaddict a punnier solution); 4. Circulatory; 5. Aeroplane. . . . And every one of the literary quotations (but surely you've spotted this yourselves) comes from Thoreau's "Walden." . . . Allan McMahon showed his resourcefulness when a customer in his Ft. Wayne emporium ordered a copy of "Noble Savage" for a friend, then couldn't remember in what city he resided. "It's something like 'Couch,'" she told Allan. He tracked the man down in Davenport, Iowa.

IN DAYTON, A DISSATISFIED purchaser returned for credit a copy of Harriet Arnow's "The Dollmaker." "This here is just a novel," she complained. "I thought it was a biography of Artie Shaw." That brings to mind, inevitably, the comment of Mike Connolly upon reviewing Shaw's spectacular matrimonial record: "When Artie makes a mistake—it's a beaut!"

—Bennett Cerf.

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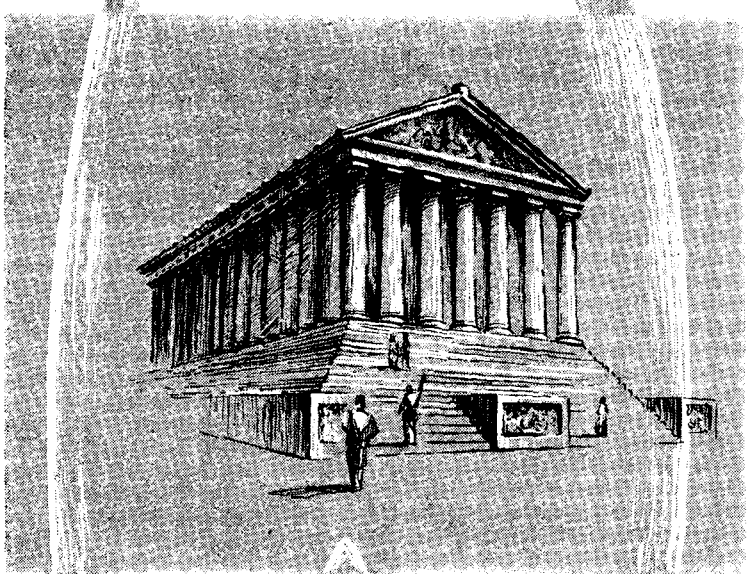

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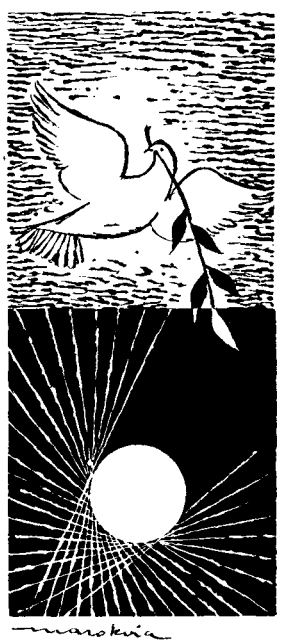
MARCH 19, 1953



LOOKING THROUGH THE PAST TO THE FUTURE

—Conway Studios.

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

President emeritus of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Dr. Shotwell here explains—in an article developed from his address to friends and admirers at a recent testimonial dinner on the occasion of his eightieth birthday—why peace can be purchased only by unceasing address to the arts of statesmanship.

IT WILL never be possible now, after two world wars, to appreciate the impact on the mind of Western Europe and America of the First World War in the opening week of August 1914. In spite of the fact that it was preceded by a number of ominous crises, when peace seemed almost to hang by a thread, the actual outbreak struck with a tragic force unparalleled by any other event in Western history.

The prevalent political philosophy of the nineteenth century registered a serene confidence in the triumph of the moral order. Nor was this mere theory. Steadily the horizon of life had been widening with the development of the arts and sciences and education. Then, suddenly, the fabric of peace was torn by a murder and an ultimatum. A day and a night were left for the decisions of peace and war, which meant that there was no chance for peace. The deadly timetable of the General Staffs began to tick off the hours for mobilization and a new era had begun.

To the military mind there is something inspiring in the spectacle of men marching to a rendezvous with death. But the death that was waiting for them in 1914 and which they sought to inflict on others was not that of the high drama of war but of multiple assassination in the sordid, vermin-infested setting of trench warfare. The world was aghast at what seemed like a revival of the worst horrors of barbarism. Nor was this progressive deterioration merely physical. Both at the front and at home the fighting became steadily more callous. The impact of war reached to the innermost recesses of the mind of everyone involved in it, and this meant practically everyone in Europe.

IT WAS to study the problem that I was brought into the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Its president, Elihu Root, at the suggestion of Professor John Bates Clark, the distinguished economist of the Endowment, asked me to outline such a study, which I did in a memorandum in December 1914, which became the blueprint for the "Eco-

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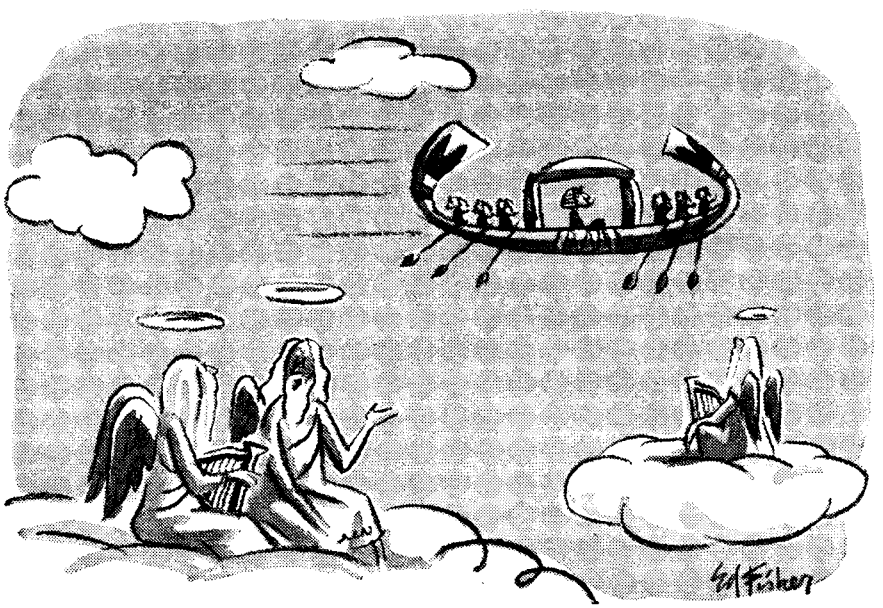
nomic and Social History of the [First] World War." There were no models to go by. Neither history nor economics, the two great disciplines of the social sciences, had ever dealt in any major way with war as such. It had been taken for granted as an essential element in political history, and economic strain and cost had been submerged in the political outcome. The plan, therefore, had to concentrate upon these neglected factors, leaving aside the purely military history of strategy and tactics. Its central idea was that the nature of war had changed with the Industrial Revolution from the simple strategy of manpower—the lines of soldiers on the Heights of Abraham, the grenadiers of Prussia, or the British guards at Waterloo, drilled to stand attack unshaken—to an involvement of the entire resources of the nation. Every last resource has to be tapped to meet the imperious demand. Thus victor and victim suffer common disasters. Moreover, the cost of war is carried in the ledgers of the future until it becomes confused with other causes of economic loss, as in the German inflation of 1923 (when I paid two billion marks for a postage stamp), due not to reparations, as the Germans held, but to the unpaid cost of the war, of which they had no clear idea. Our history showed that the cost of the war to the German Government was about eighty-five billion gold marks and the non-Governmental cost to the country as a whole was over twice that amount. In France about half the private fortunes of 1914 had been destroyed. But the final liquidation of the war took place in the Great Depression, the total losses of which have been estimated in a source quoted in the latest bulletin of the National City Bank at $638 billion. It must be remembered, however, that part of this was due to unwise tariff laws and other blunders during the period of reconstruction.

This question of war costs is so central to the peace movement that we should pause a moment to compare its effect after both world wars. The first comment to make is that it has not proved to be a deterrent to war; that nations will face bankruptcy rather than submit to attacks upon what the old diplomacy called "vital interest and national honor." The second point is that the cost must be measured against the ever-increasing productive capacity of the machine age, some of which is due to the stimulus of war. And the third point is that already referred to, that in the world of credit the balancing of the books is delayed. The liquidation of World War I was begun immediately but was not completed until in the Great Depression, ten years after the fighting stopped. In the interval, in the late Twenties, there were signs—utterly delusive but apparently convincing—of a new prosperity due to the spread of the Industrial Revolution.

Again, after World War II, we have an apparently vast increase of wealth, equally evident in victorious United States and defeated Germany. Does this mean that productive capacity, spurred on by war, effectively overcomes all the destruction of the war? Or does it mean that the cycle of the vast economic disturbance of World War II has not run its course? Every year that passes with increasing indications of economic health buttresses the argument that the cost of the greatest of wars can be met by the increased power of scientific production. But the history of World War I reminds us that it was the dislocation of the consumer market in the Twenties which left the wheat on the farms of the Midwest, leading to mortgage foreclosures and a breakdown of credit. The insurance against a repetition of this catastrophe is twofold today: the maintenance of price levels for farm produce by Government buying and the spread of social insurance. So far we have made these devices work. But the subsidizing of agriculture, necessary as it is today, is not a sound economy, not one to build on in the future. As the dislocations in the economies of other countries begin to be straightened out our own will have to be straightened out as well. That will be the real test of the soundness of our economy. It will also be the settlement of the last large item in the cost-accounting of World War II. But here again we are fumbling, as we did after World War I, building upon the fabulous capacity for production without parallel constructive thinking on the problems of consumption. The imbalance of trade will not be overcome by the generous spread of technical assistance, important and valid as that is. The foundation for lasting prosperity lies in adding to the capacity for production the elimination of exploitation and a freer world trade. This might even furnish the strategy for ending the Cold War.

I HAVE rambled a long way from my story of the making of the "Economic and Social History of the [First] World War." In 1927, after eight years, most of the work on the history was done. Over 200 experts, including thirty-five wartime cabinet ministers, had been engaged on its 150 volumes. Steadily my conviction had grown that its chief lesson was not that of costs, but that the war as it advanced had lost direction, becoming a conflagration or contagion out of control. By a strange coincidence, the first opportunity to draw upon its resources was my inaugural address at the Hochschule für Politik in Berlin. Only a visiting American professor would have been brash enough to speak on this theme on that occasion. For the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presided, the Chancellor and most of the Cabinet were present, as well as the Prime Minister of Prussia and his entourage. Behind them, in the second row, were the heads of the *Reichswehr* in dress uniforms and

(*Continued on page* 43)



"There goes Cheops!"

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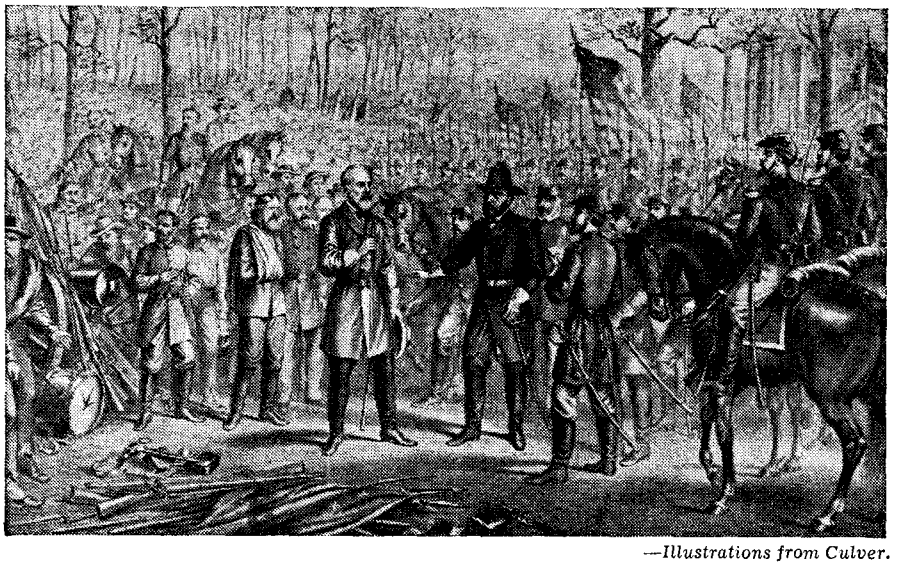

—*Illustrations from Culver.*

Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox—"most magnanimous terms."

APPOMATTOX: EPIC SURRENDER

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

JUST ninety years ago, on April 9, 1865, the conflict which Winston Churchill has called "the last war fought between gentlemen" came to its close at Appomattox Courthouse.

Quiet now broods over the green woodlands and rolling tobacco fields surrounding the little Virginia village. The oaks are tasseling in the sunshine and the dogwood buds swelling, much as they did on that Palm Sunday years ago when Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to Ulysses S. Grant. On that day the Union general imposed some of the most magnanimous terms that history records, terms whose courage and generosity helped reunite a nation which had been split asunder by a tragic war.

Today Appomattox is becoming a place of pilgrimage to persons from all over the globe. When the original courthouse burned in 1892 a new one was built three miles away on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and the modern town of Appomattox grew up there. Most of the hamlet that existed when Lee surrendered has been authentically restored by the National Park Service to the appearance it had at the time; the restoration should be complete before the centennial is observed a decade hence.

Here is the rebuilt Wilmer McLean house, in which Grant and Lee met to draft the terms of the surrender. An old tavern, once a stopping place for stagecoaches westward bound, now serves as a museum for relics of the surrender. Nearby are the old village jail and small general store, together with a number of antebellum residences. With the reconstruction of the burned courthouse, which may not be carried through for ten years, Appomattox will be the only restored nineteenth-century village in America.

It was stolid, phlegmatic General Grant, forty-two, the tanner's son, who finally succeeded in bringing the Confederacy to its knees. After he had forced the surrender of Vicksburg and thus cut the Confederacy in two by getting control of the Mississippi River Grant was entrusted by President Lincoln with the task of smashing the Army of Northern Virginia and taking Richmond.

His opponent, General Lee, white-haired and white-bearded at fifty-seven, was the most brilliant military commander of the war, a man in all respects worthy of his great ancestral heritage. The South idolized this deep-voiced patrician leader; the North feared and respected him.

IN MARCH 1865, outnumbered and worn down by the relentless hammering of Grant's forces, Lee was striving desperately to hold his lines in front of Petersburg. Then came the disastrous Battle of Five Forks, and both Petersburg and Richmond fell. The main surviving Southern army then began a last-ditch effort to escape toward the West. A shattering defeat at Sayler's Creek brought the Confederacy's haggard and starving veterans to the vicinity of Appomattox Courthouse. Many of these hollow-eyed, exhausted soldiers had had no rations for days except such handfuls of corn as they could embezzle from the fodder of their own famished horses and mules.

One ragged and ravenous rebel was reconnoitering a stray chicken when he was surrounded by well-fed Union troops.

"Surrender, we've got you!" they shouted.

"Yes," said the Southerner, "and a hell of a git you got!"

Torrential rains had turned the whole region into a quagmire, and Lee's army was hardly able to maneuver. The alert Federal forces, spearheaded by Sheridan's cavalry, saw their opportunity. In forced marches which called forth the utmost from soldiers and mounts they completed the encirclement of Lee's army and ended the last hope of the Confederates to make a getaway and join General Joseph E. Johnston's forces in North Carolina.

Lee saw the hopelessness of his position.

"There is nothing left for me to do but go and see General Grant," he said, "and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

He sent word to Grant, and asked his own military secretary, Colonel Charles Marshall, to choose a suitable place for a conference concerning terms of surrender.

While awaiting word from Grant, Lee rested under an apple tree across

(*Continued on page* 34)

The McLean house—"men wept openly."

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Six Pictures of this Era

"A Train of Powder," by Rebecca West *(Viking Press. 310 pp. $3.75), is a volume of essays about the Nuremberg trials, the Berlin blockade, a South Carolina lynching, British espionage and murder cases. Our reviewer, Telford Taylor, is a member of the New York bar and author of "Grand Inquest"; he was U.S. chief of counsel at the Nuremberg trials.*

By Telford Taylor

IF WORDS can paint, Rebecca West's do. A few years ago a motion picture was made of Picasso in which the old magician, armed with palette and brush, stood behind large sheets of glass. A few sweeps of the arm and flicks of the wrist turned vision into image. Human features, bulls' heads, floral patterns, and a miraculous profusion of other concepts and portrayals appeared on the glass in rapid, kaleidoscopic succession. And so it is as one follows Miss West from page to page of the six coruscant essays in her new book, "A Train of Powder."

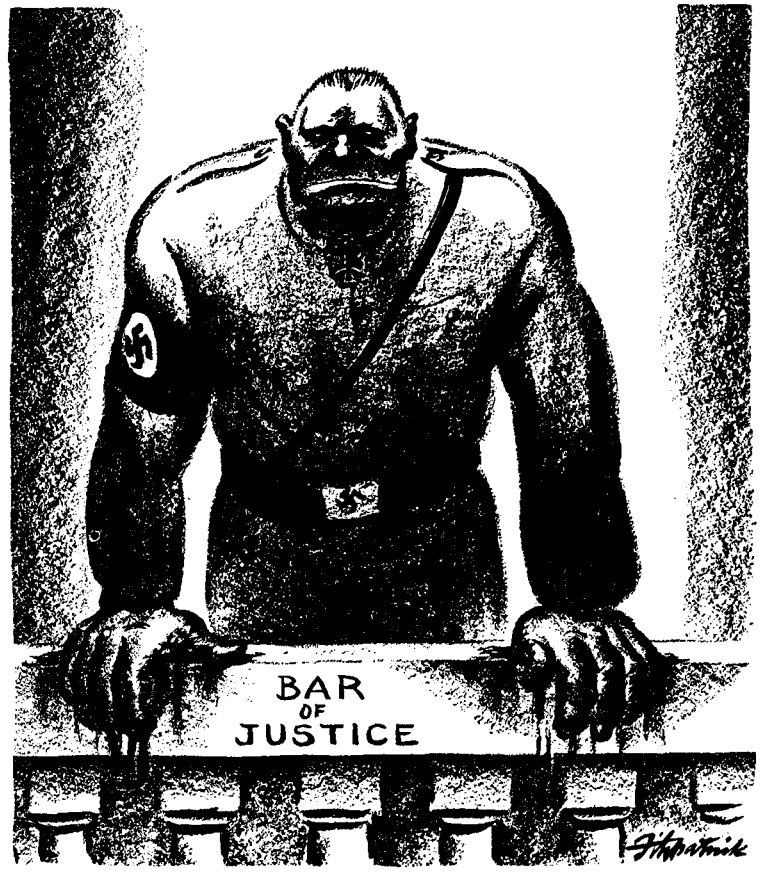
Postwar Germany is the theme of three: the Nuremberg trials furnish the *point de depart* for two of these, and the Berlin blockade for the third. The judicial process still fascinates Miss West, as it did in her earlier "The Meaning of Treason" (1947). A mass trial of lynching suspects in South Carolina, and two English trials—one for murder and one for espionage—furnish the narrative framework of the other three works. Neither in Germany nor in the halls of justice does the "train of powder" lead to an explosion between these covers, but in both settings the atmosphere is heavily charged, and it is plain that a terrible blast would come as no surprise to Miss West.

Who but she would entitle a modern Teutonic trilogy "Greenhouse with Cyclamens," and then derive from this verdant and soothing symbol the most ominous implications? Strolling behind a victor-occupied *Schloss* near Nuremberg in 1946 Miss West discovered a large, beautifully kept, and well-stocked greenhouse operated by a one-legged veteran of the Russian front and a twelve-year-old girl. Undaunted by devastation, frigid winter, and acute fuel shortage, they were running the greenhouse furnace on wooden scraps laboriously accumulated at great hazard, and doing a brisk business in potted plants amid the rubble of Nuremberg, still stinking with unburied dead. The Nuremberg trials, then in process, were of profound interest to the maimed gardener—the judges and prosecutors broadened the market for his cyclamens.

A praiseworthy example of sturdy German industriousness? But, then:

> . . . there was something different and peculiarly German and dynamic in his [the gardener's] self-dedication. . . . He did not want to escape from his greenhouse, he wanted to escape into it. . . . He was terrified because his absorption in industry left a vacuum in his mind which sooner or later would be filled. If no religion or philosophy or art came to bind the man's imagination to reality then the empty space would be flooded with fantasy which would set him at odds with life. Above the greenhouse the *Schloss* had soared like a huge doll's house, designed to house all the characters out of Grimm's Tales; and some of those tales are very brutal. When men do not put away childish things in time they turn on their tracks and seek the sources of death, such as the Nazis unsealed for them.

In short, the Germans "had not thought enough about government and life," and thus were singularly susceptible to evil government. This is the *unpolitische* quality of German society forcefully remarked by Norbert Muhlen, which offers "the ground on which the totalitarian minority can grow and strive and rule."



"Last Chapter of 'Mein Kampf'."

IS THERE hope of checking that growth? Yes, and Miss West finds it not so much in the Nuremberg trials—"the moralistic experiment of our times which . . . most ambitiously attempted to prevent the spilling of milk in the future"—as in the lessons of the Berlin occupation, blockade, and airlift: "The Berliners were given two experiences of totalitarianism, which demonstrated that it was its principle which was wrong, and that no matter who applied it the result would be pain. . . ." One might fear less the future of Western Ger-

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many had it "been able to share in the experience of Berlin and East Germany," because "the occupation of Berlin had been an event which was also an experience" and "Berliners were changed by the occupation of the city." Whereas neither the Allied occupation of Western Germany nor the Nuremberg trials had changed the Western Germans. For them Nuremberg was "a defective composition, stamping no clear image on the mind of the people it had been designed to impress. It was one of the events which do not become an experience."

By no means, however, does Miss West disapprove of the Nuremberg trials. On the contrary, "a gaping hole would have appeared in our moral system had it been possible for villains to commit a vast number of vile crimes in their own and other countries, and to escape punishment because they had created ruin so general that it had consumed all courts of law." The depth of her devotion to law is eloquently manifest and persuasive in her writings, no less than her quickness to mark the foibles and failings of the frail human vessels through which the essence of justice is strained.

THERE is, indeed, something very Roman about this lady, who is as troubled when the guilty escape condign punishment as when the innocent are harmed, and who is concerned above all that the accused be fairly dealt with. Nowhere is this more apparent than in her account, entitled "Opera in Greenville," of the trial of thirty-odd taxi-drivers charged with lynching a Negro suspected of a murderous assault on one of their fellows.

Miss West has a deep and compassionate grasp of the sociological underpinnings of Southern society. She is no calamity-howler, and reminds us that lynching is obsolescent: "The will of the South had made its decision, and by 1954 three years had gone by without a lynching in the United States." She knows, too, that taxi-drivers on country roads after dark encounter violence, and she understands the fear and rage that drove them to murder the suspect. Nevertheless, law "is as necessary to man as bread and water and a roof," and therefore the acquittal, rejoice as the taxi-drivers might, "was actually a deliverance to danger." For "they had been saved from the electric chair and from prison by men who had conducted their defense without taking a minute off to state or imply that even if a man is a murderer one must not murder him and that murder is foul. These people

THE AUTHOR: The No. 1 *nom de plume* in English letters, Rebecca West, a woman of multiple talents, has held the ardent respect of the literate everywhere for more than forty years. Her name first began turning up in print on theatre programs. In repertory as a teen-ager, she appeared in, among other plays, a pre-World War I production of "Rosmersholm," playing a character named Rebecca West, but she probably suspected all along that she would rather write her own lines than recite Ibsen's. She looked around her iconoclastically, and, though she was only nineteen, concluded that it was more of a man's world than was good for it. Her observations were promptly published in *Freewoman* under the by-line of Rebecca West, a pseudonym she chose to conceal her crusade from her mother, and that was that. A year later she switched to the Socialist *Clarion* to open a career as an essayist, journalist, novelist, critic, and probably the most burningly eloquent woman of our time.

"I write because all my family do, it is in the blood," Miss West, who was born Cicily Isabel Fairfield in 1892 and became Mrs. Henry Maxwell Andrews in 1930, said the other day. "My father was an Army officer [he was a Confederate stretcher-bearer at the siege of Richmond] who became a follower of Herbert Spencer and thus drifted into political journalism and the writing of books. Both my elder sisters write—my eldest sister, Letitia Fairfield, is a doctor of medicine and a lawyer, who after a long life in public service is starting life afresh as an author to beguile the tedium of retirement, and is making her mark as a writer on crime. My other sister is a poet of great distinction who hardly ever bothers to publish anything. I started writing in my teens in feminist publications, and have gone on and on."

Miss West continued going on and on by writing, in 1916, a critical biography of Henry James and, two years later, a novel, "The Return of the Soldier." Pungent, witty, provocative, she dashed into controversy like a kind of gladiator, taking on all comers on just about all subjects. The arguments of her adversaries fell like corpses before the fury of her intelligence. Before she was thirty her reputation had sailed the Atlantic. When, in 1923, she arrived here on a lecture tour ("Woman's View of Life's Problems") the reporters were waiting at the dock. "Rebecca West says . . ." was a popular lead. "She

exhilarates by a transfusion of vitality," an interviewer wrote. Between the lectures and the travels, always covering everything like a flood of molten gold, she invariably found time to write, often at top speed. Her 6,500-word account of Lord Haw Haw's trial was in *The New Yorker*'s office twenty-four hours after it ended. Her copy made other journalists' reports look anemic.

"'A Train of Powder,'" she went on, "represents the second phase of a process which started when Hitler came into power, and I was quite sure, having long suspected it, that the world as we knew it was going to be rubbed out. . . . Then after the war I realized that I had been right and the world was changed—and Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* asked me to report for him, and so did some English papers. This new book is an attempt to convey what I saw. I cannot believe the world changed so much in such a short time in any previous era. We are all in a disconcerting position. All human beings are in the same position to their environment that a man is if he gets his wife home after a road accident with amnesia and a transformation of personality. But he can at least give up and leave her, humanity cannot leave its environment. I have tried to do what I can to chart the change. I must make the reservation that I do not believe the world has changed so much that certain principles have lost their validity. The liberal faith still seems to me to hold its truth."

Miss West then talked about where she lives—"forty miles out of London on the Chiltern Hills"; about country-home interruptions: "Willa Cather once told me that she left her country home to come to New York when she wanted to write a book, for the sake of quiet"; and about her present plans—"I hope to get to America this year, but I am struggling with the second major tragedy of my career. Five years ago I sat down to write what I thought was going to be a long short story. It is now 400,000 words long, and it takes a family from the cradle to what I sometimes fear will be my grave. I am within sight of the end, and after that I will come to America, for which I am horribly homesick."

—BERNARD KALB.

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had been plunged back into chaos."

In the two British trials the chief culprits also escaped. At the end of "Mr. Setty and Mr. Hume" the accused Hume pleads guilty as an accessory to the murder of Mr. Setty, whose mutilated torso had been pulled by a fisherman from the Essex coastal marshes. Despite an embarrassing wealth of evidence, however, the case remained a riddle and the principal unknown to the police. So, too, the miserable William Marshall of "The Better Mousetrap" was rightly convicted of espionage, but under circumstances strongly suggesting that another and far more dangerous Soviet agent was still at large. Miss West is plainly chagrined at these failures of Scotland Yard. This does not diminish her capacity for beautiful prose, but after the passion and perception of the Greenville and German studies these two seem trivial and overloaded with literary legerdemain.

WITH all her literary attainments Miss West is also an exceedingly good lawyer. It is her unique magic to combine impressionism and precision, as if Monet and Ingres could somehow be fused. Time and again a passage begins as a sort of iridescent cloud, and culminates in a diamond point worthy of Learned Hand.

This faculty is particularly manifest in her comments on the conduct and meaning of the Nuremberg trials. She is shocked by the breadth and depth of ignorance and misunderstanding about them: "Let us face it, these trials have set up a dozen itching abscesses of ignorance and hatred in the public mind. To discuss [them] with any knowledge of what actually happened . . . is as sure a way of earning unpopularity as to talk of American affairs in England with an understanding of the American Constitution. . . ."

Especially in the case of the military defendants—Keitel, Jodl, Raeder, and others—the myth has been spread "that the Nazi generals and admirals were tried for obeying orders, such orders as might have been given by any Allied government to its generals and admirals, though this is not true in any single case." On the contrary:

> . . . the only orders a soldier or a sailor is bound to obey are those which are recognized practice in the Services of the time. It is obvious that if an admiral were ordered by a demented First Sea Lord to serve broiled babies in the officers' mess he ought to disobey; and it was shown that these generals and admirals had exhibited very little reluctance to carry out orders of Hitler which tended towards baby-broiling.

As Miss West points out in conclusion, Nuremberg was at bottom an effort to make the shattering events of the Nazi era comprehensible, the Allied victory meaningful, and the lesson valuable. That is, I think, exactly the goal to which her own German essays are directed. Her diction is rich, and it is to be feared that some readers may attach to a phrase such as "inspissating it with intrigue" something other than the dictionary meaning. But the essence of her teaching is plain and simple enough for everyone: ". . . in the end the obscure millions must establish a truth, by discovering what is necessary for them."

The Disappearing Diplomats

***"The Missing Macleans," by Geoffrey Hoare** (Viking Press. 245 pp. $3.75), is a British journalist's inquiry into the mystery of the disappearance behind the Iron Curtain of British diplomat D. D. Maclean, along with his family and his friend G. de M. Burgess. Here it is reviewed by Leo Lania, foreign correspondent and author of "The Nine Lives of Europe."*

By Leo Lania

AMONG the famous spy cases of the Cold War, the disappearance in May 1951 of two high officials of the British Foreign Office probably remains the most baffling. While all indications are that the two diplomats --D. D. Maclean and G. de M. Burgess—plunged behind the Iron Curtain, to be followed two years later by Mrs. Maclean and her three children, neither has the desertion of the two men been proven, nor have the whereabouts of Mrs. Maclean and the children been ascertained.

Cyril Connolly, in discussing this case some time ago, stressed the following: "Two facts distinguish Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean from the so-called 'atomic' spies—first, they are not known to have committed any crime; second, they are members of the governing class, of the high bureaucracy, the 'they' who rule the 'we' to whom refugees like Klaus Fuchs and Bruno Pontecorvo and humble figures like Alan Nunn May belong. If traitors they be, then they are traitors to themselves."

". . . traitors to themselves."

With these facts in mind, Mr. Connolly gave a brilliant psychological analysis of the two men, whom he knew very well. By examining their relationship and the influence Burgess —"extrovert, exhibitionist, cynical, and realistic"—had on the "introvert and diffident idealist and dreamer" Maclean, Connolly tried to analyze the motives behind their flight.

Geoffrey Hoare, a noted foreign correspondent for the London *News Chronicle*, approaches the case quite differently. On one level his book, "The Missing Macleans," reads like a detective novel. With remarkable skill he has compiled all available evidence, retraced the moves of the protagonists immediately before their flight, and reconstructed events with the patience and thoroughness of a criminal investigator.

On another level Mr. Hoare's book is a touching *document humain*: the story of the brilliant young Maclean—son of a distinguished family and, at thirty-seven, an infinitely promising senior official of the Foreign Service—and his wife, an American girl, who in spite of their difficult marriage and many disappointments remained loyal to her husband and paid for this loyalty in sorrow and agony. Here is the raw material and theme for a great *roman d'amour*.

For the average American reader, bewildered by the appeal Communism had for quite a few of our own highly gifted, very intelligent public officials—like Alger Hiss, for instance—the story of how and why Maclean succumbed is of special interest and timeliness.

Maclean was apparently an honest idealist, although weak and unstable. In his disillusionment about the trend of world affairs and in his search for

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a strong faith and discipline, he was an easy prey to the apostles of Communism. His friend Burgess was one of those apostles. Burgess was the type of neurotic almost certain to end up in the ranks of a conspiratorial government: during the Spanish War he became a Fascist, drifted later towards the Nazis, and then became a secret agent for Moscow. He was a heavy drinker and a homosexual. All indications are that both Maclean and Burgess had worked secretly for their Russian masters long before they decided to join them.

From the Communist viewpoint, as Mr. Hoare aptly proves, Maclean was by far the more important. Not only was he better placed to collect information and influence policies, but he had specialized knowledge and abilities of his own to offer. Burgess was much too unreliable to be very useful, and so it appears that the Russians insisted that he come along so as not to leave behind a man who could one day change his mind and tell the British about his friend's assignment.

To date the Soviet Government has made no obvious use of Maclean, and has denied any knowledge of his whereabouts. He has not turned up as a propagandist for the Communist cause, nor come forward as a fugitive from the "capitalist war-mongering world, asking asylum in the peace camp." Mr. Hoare believes Maclean is employed by the Soviets as a kind of consultant on Western affairs. He quotes a British expert on Russia who told him "passages in pure Foreign Office terminology" began to appear

(*Continued on page 42*)

FICTION

Legacy of the Living

"Faithful Are the Wounds," by May Sarton *(Rinehart. 281 pp. $3), tells of a Harvard professor's suicide in order to escape from the political pressures of our age.*

By Walter Havighurst

EVERY age, said Emerson, must write its own books. For this political age May Sarton has written a political novel that looks steadily at the tensions, fears, and dilemmas of an anxious time. With great restraint she has told, in "Faithful Are the Wounds," the story of a Harvard professor's anguish and suicide, of its effect on his closest friends and its meaning for his generation. But her book is more than political. It reveals a complex man in his total involvement—as a scholar, a teacher, a citizen. It shows his tragic struggle to achieve communion with others and with himself, to live a whole life.

On an October night in 1949 Edward Cavan, professor of American literature, threw himself under an elevated train in Boston, and with that act he left a charge upon his generation. More immediately, for his friends, he left a question. What compelled his sacrifice? To find an answer the novel shows him in the last days of his life, in that golden October when the world was tottering around him. Why did he despair? No one could know, but Edward Cavan, tense, reserved, cut off, had a few friends who respected his separation as much as his rare confidences—two or three colleagues, a graduate student, a bristling old spinster who was his political ally. From the angles of these friends the novel shows him at a meeting of the Civil Liberties Union, in an American Literature seminar, in the study of one colleague and the living room of another, watching darkness fall in Mt. Auburn cemetery. The first part of the novel reveals a rich and complex man, eaten up by life, fighting his battle in a loneliness that no one else can enter. When he was dead, his friends felt that they had failed him. Like Masaryk in Prague and Winant in London, he left a charge upon the living.

ALL this is so real that one does not readily think of the structure of Miss Sarton's book. But it has its own tension, beautifully controlled, and there is no anticlimax in the second half of the novel which unfolds after Edward Cavan's death. Here the pressures are still at work—the remembered intensity of a man's life-struggle and a renewed intensity of search for the meaning of it. Death leaves us the essence of a person, but what was the essence of Edward Cavan? The search does not lead to any brief summation of the problem of man as person and as participant. Part of the answer is negative—merely the realization that everyone who will not take refuge in a dogma, political or religious, is exposed. Some questions remain: Was the failure in the world, or in Edward Cavan himself? Was he the victim of his Iowa boyhood, or of the failure of the socialist causes he had committed himself to? But one conclusion is as clear as the October light of his last days alive: The tragedy of the time weighs most upon its best persons and the intellectual must stand at the frontier of the struggle for freedom of thought.

This novel leaves a scar. Its readers (they should be legion) will have an increased involvement in the dilemmas of their time.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FAMOUS FANNYS

By way of celebrating the distinction bestowed on the name "Fanny" by the current Broadway musical, Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, lists ten literary characters who bear this capricious appellation. Can you match each character with the title of the work in which she appears? Allowing ten points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. Fanny Bowater	( ) "Fanny by Gaslight"
2. Fanny Hooper	( ) "Fanny's First Play"
3. Fanny Legrand	( ) "Far from the Madding Crowd"
4. Fanny Mountain	( ) "Framley Parsonage"
5. Fanny O'Dowda	( ) "Mansfield Park"
6. Fanny Price	( ) "Nicholas Nickleby"
7. Fanny Price	( ) "Memoirs of a Midget"
8. Fanny Robarts	( ) "Of Human Bondage"
9. Fanny Robin	( ) "Sappho"
10. Fanny Squeers	( ) "The Virginians"

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Many-Faceted Heart

***"Far Morning," by Edward Grierson** (Alfred A. Knopf. 277 pp. $3.50), tells how a middle-aging Briton stationed in Bagdad faces up to such problems of the human heart as desire and fidelity.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

WHEN David Mitchelson leaves for Bagdad to become the legal advisor for the soldiers stationed there he will not believe that either he or his wife may commit adultery. Even after three years of advising soldiers how to divorce or forgive the wives they left behind them for too long he continues to consider his own and his wife's faithfulness inevitable. Despite his experience with soldiers he cannot (or will not) understand when his still faithful wife writes him about the "gap between the union my heart knows and the absence my body knows." It is only after he falls in love with the intelligent and lovely Lebanese girl Nadia that he begins to understand how "innocence and desire and . . . loyalty" can "exist together in one heart."

Edward Grierson's exploration of this "problem" in "Far Morning" is expertly devised to please the middle-brow sophisticate. By point and counterpoint a number of David's military and civilian companions in Bagdad give perspective to David Mitchelson's difficulty in understanding what happens to both himself and his wife. Major McCall, who was disillusioned in love, looks upon all adultery with kindly indifference—it's "natural enough." Major Duveen, a Scrooge "of the senses," pursues adultery with the love and skill of a semi-professional amorist. One of Major Duveen's victims, the Lebanese Nita, finds adultery no great problem because she can anesthetize her conscience. Nadia and Joan resist, feel guilty, submit, then feel glad and guilty.

The consensus appears to be that all of the characters (like most of us?) "set out in life with such hope and meet with such miserable fulfilment," fulfilment presumably meaning a happy and faithful love that overcomes both time and circumstance. Perhaps. Certainly Mr. Grierson's urbane "Far Morning" is well-paced reading that will attract a good many readers who have and have not had experience comparable to those of Mr. Grierson's characters.

Nevertheless, Mr. Grierson's third novel in two years disappoints me and probably will disappoint a good many readers of his earlier work. His characters tend towards the stereotype (the kind that fit the plot that fits the problem, and too neatly); the plot, though it is well contrived and keeps you going, is resolved in implausible melodrama; the style, teetering between competence and triteness, gives one an overall feeling of hyper-slickness. "Far Morning" is not as good a novel as Mr. Grierson's earlier "Reputation for a Song." Granted that it is better than the usual popular novel designed for better middle-brows, "Far Morning" is neither as good as it should be nor as good, I hope, as Mr. Grierson's future novels will be.

—By Robert J. Lee, for "Flamingo Feather."

". . . the texture and temperature of Africa."

Red Web in Africa

***"Flamingo Feather," by Laurens van der Post** (Morrow. 341 pp. $3.95), is an exciting story of a Dutch anthropologist's entanglement with Communist infiltration and the variety and depth of the African continent.*

By Charles Lee

"FLAMINGO FEATHER," Laurens van der Post's absorbing new book (he is remembered for "Venture to the Interior"), has at least three claims upon the attention. First, it is an unusual novel of suspense. Second, it is a revelation in the tactics of Communist infiltration. Third, it is a stunning dimensionalization of the African scene. The author may now and again linger over-long among the jewels of his virtuoso imagery, but such dazzles of prose are so rare today that it is a pleasure to linger with him.

The story centers around young and durable Pierre de Beauvilliers, an anthropologist of Dutch descent who wants only to tend to his vineyards, write his books, and dream of the purple-eyed girl lost somewhere in the mists of England and the past. His quiet is broken, however, by the murder of a mysterious Takwena prince on his doorstep. The fact that this slain native is dressed in sailor's clothes is but one of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the crime. The flamingo feather in his hand is another. And yet another is the envelope bearing the handwriting of John Sandysse, the purple-eyed girl's brother, long thought dead of exposure following a break from prison in World War II.

Pierre's sense of disaster is increased by the mysterious activity of a fat Mongolian in gold-rimmed glasses, by the extraordinary speed of certain Russian freighters bearing suspicious cargo to unknown destinations, by his knowledge of the Takwenas' belief in an ancient dream involving the flamingo feather, and by his further knowledge that the racial tensions in South Africa—symptoms of white delinquency—are ripe for political exploitation by a new order of imperialists.

He takes to the track in an effort to find the relationships between the feather, the handwriting, and his suspicions. Pursuit and counter-pursuit send him through the purple and buff uplands, through the tabooed Dead Land, through tsetse ridden forests to the Great Flamingo Water of African legend. In his company (he has

Shadow Dancer

By Ethel Jacobson

I WALKED with my love in the moonlight,
I walked in Harlequin's Lane,
And my love danced in the moonlight
To the wraith of a refrain.

She whisked from me in a twinkling
And danced in Harlequin's Lane
To an eerie sort of piping
I strained to hear, in vain.

Like a petal blown from the hedge rose,
Like a leaf from the hawthorn tree
She swayed in the checkered moonlight
With a partner I could not see.

And now, alone in the shadows,
I walk in Harlequin's Lane
Where my love danced in the moonlight
And was not seen again.

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nine bearers, all ex-convicts) we experience the texture and temperature of Africa, hear the silky swish of a hurled spear and the booming of frightened apes, smell hartebeestes roasting on wooden coals, see leopards stretched like orchids on some shadowy tree branch, watch impalas drinking at the water-hole with "neurasthenic frenzy," catch the imperial purple bulk of a bull elephant poised for locomotive charging, avoid spiders as big as soup tureens and "shaking like jellies on black, hairy legs," note crocodiles moving "like an assassin's thrust," and observe the glee with which local gourmets tear into the raw lard of a just-skinned hippopotamus for a windfall feast.

Mr. van der Post has the peacock touch as he follows Pierre through the startling, steaming jungles and forests of the Dark Continent, the chief character of the book. In the climax of his gaudy trackings, Pierre discovers that the leader of the cunning Soviet underground making such diabolically clever use of native traditions is none other than John Sandysse himself. What happens thenceforth makes for enough daring and romance and spectacle to satisfy the most jaded cinemascopic taste. Nor should it be overlooked, among the detections, ambushes, assaults, and verbal glitters of atmosphere and description, that Mr. van der Post wishes also to throw a beam of light into the dark interior of bigotry that is at the root of the disquietudes and violences of Africa. His is a story addressed not only to one's sense of excitement and the exotic but also to his sense of honor and humanity.

Governor's Goal

"The Experts," by Martin Mayer *(Harper. 304 pp. $3.50), tells of the dilemmas faced by an able governor with an eye on the White House. Our reviewer is Joseph F. Dinneen of the* Boston Globe, *author of the biography "Purple Shamrock: James Michael Curley of Boston."*

By Joseph F. Dinneen

DURING every Presidential term in the state houses of the country sit forty-eight governors waiting for lightning to strike. Some organize and prepare for it. Others pretend an indifference they do not feel. Either course is a political stratagem designed and modified from time to time to fit variations in political circumstances.

Martin Mayer is familiar with this phenomenon. He ought to be. He covered various state houses as a staff member of a labor paper before writing for national magazines; and he has been steeped in state administration since childhood. His father is a labor lawyer for the New York telephone workers.

In his new novel, "The Experts," Mayer examines the state administration of just such a candidate for President. His governor is purely fictional although he conforms to a pattern, and the State is not named. College presidents as political candidates are not uncommon. Wilson was a career president of Princeton; Eisenhower a transient president of Columbia—and scholars of the stature of Fulbright appear from time to time on the national scene.

As the governor of a state, college president William Clelland has his eyes on the White House, and that, more than any other factor, determines the kind of administration he gives his state. He is lengths in front of other governors in the race for the nomination of his party and he cannot afford to make a mistake. He has loyal and competent advisers including his chief secretary, an experienced lawyer and politician, but he is also plagued by the usual incompetent, selfish, and scheming party hacks, leeches, and political parasites who surround every governor.

This greed is a constant threat to his candidacy, but he has a far worse handicap in his private life. Adlai Stevenson's divorce was a factor in the last campaign, but he overcame it. It is doubtful that it seriously affected his vote. Governor Clelland, though, is not only divorced, but has an illegitimate child by a Jewish girl with whom he is deeply in love.

Mayer's study also confronts the Governor with a decision to commute a life sentence or send an irresponsible moron to the chair. Because of this and the enmity of a newspaper reporter and his publisher, Clelland is given a political choice between the frying pan and the fire.

Mayer shows that an ambition to be President is responsible in a large measure for the honesty and courage of state governors. It is a force to minimize graft and corruption.

Notes

EN ROUTE TO BOHEMIA: Celia Kerr is the sixteen-year-old heroine of Nancy Hallinan's first novel, **"Rough Winds of May"** (Harper, $3.95), and her evolution from the confines of the pleasantly gay and inconsequential bedlam of a large, boisterous middle-class English family to the stern, impoverished realities of bohemia, is revealed with great authenticity. Although Miss Hallinan's style is garrulous and her insights are not particularly novel, her characters are lively and entertaining. Celia's uncle, Fatuncle, who, in deciding to paint her, introduces her into a world that, despite its chaos and poverty, impresses her as being vastly more meaningful than the life she was born into and bred for, is a deeply felt and well-realized individual. The author captures the quality of children, of tired and unimaginative parents, of a Cockney servant—all with humor and verve.

Miss Hallinan's resemblance to Henry Green—seldom is the London fog so gray and dense, seldom are the servants more impudent—is marked, but despite both her versatility and sensitivity, the lack of discipline and the failure to winnow her material—as well as a tendency to resort to the smart, chic, facile, and, consequently, superficial, observation—has resulted in a novel that is brisk, but inconclusive, a novel that is far more exciting in its promise than in its fulfilment.

—Dachine Rainer.

COMING OF AGE IN CALIFORNIA: **"Castles in the Sand"** (Morrow, $3) starts out as a promising bit of whimsy about a little lad whose head is addled by too much Melville. But William S. Stone's novel founders on the shoals of realism, and succeeds in making the reader feel queasy rather than charmed. Little Jeremy Bentley, an eleven-year-old "Typee" enthusiast from Maine, goes out to visit his arty Cousin Martha on Monterey Bay. Before you can say "Omoo," Jeremy has infiltrated the neighboring menage of Andre Tourneur, a beret-topped bohemian who, Aunt Martha thinks, is "rather like a French Noel Coward." Tourneur lives in a watery castle which had been erected by an eccentric tuna skipper, and his household includes a fourteen-year-old

(*Continued on page* 42)

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New Assaults on Our Pocketbooks

***"The Changing American Market," by the Editors of* Fortune** *(Hanover House. 304 pp. $4.50), is an analysis of the recent changes in our population, its needs and its preferences, and how they are apt to affect business in these United States. John S. Gambs, our reviewer, is professor of economics at Hamilton College.*

By John S. Gambs

THE PAST fifteen years of American social and economic life have been fabulous. We have had millions more babies than we thought we could; we have had no postwar depression; we have in a long period of hot and cold war produced awesome guns and butter enough to make ghee for the cakes that the Parseeman bakes—or, at least, that is what some officials want us to do with our surplus butter. All sorts of curious socio-economic customs are springing up. The well-to-do are wearing overalls; black tie has turned into Scotch plaid; barefoot boy with cheeks of tan needs twenty dollars' worth of rod and reel to go fishing up the crick.

The editors of *Fortune* have been fascinated by all this, and have written a book about the changing American market, a market that reflects the swift events of our dynamic world. They have made an interesting study of how and why consumers are spending their money; they have tried to determine the size of certain future markets and to identify for business enterprise those areas in which vague consumer longings and inchoate needs can, over the next five years, be whipped into effective demand.

Their analysis rests on several bases, a fundamental one being demographic. A wave of teen-agers is coming up; this means invasion by a people that devours 4,000 calories per capita per day—an unmistakable hint to the food industries. Foreseeable marriages and births suggest what demands will be made on wedding-ring merchants and diapermongers. Another basis of analysis and prediction is current trends in national income and its distribution. Income per head is rising, while the rich are becoming poorer and the poor richer. Thus, the market for ninety-foot yachts and inferior foods are both declining. But goods aimed at an increasing number of families earning between $4,000 and $7,500 cannot miss. Analysis proceeds in various other ways, until a well-rounded statement is made of how much income the United States will generate in the next few years, and how consumers will probably spend it. And, of course, the consumer must spend most of his growing income if we are to have continuing prosperity. Should he save too much of it, he would invite depression. The editors of *Fortune* are well aware of this basic Keynesian principle—indeed, it is here that the broader significance of their research is to be found.

IF THE book is sound in its analysis of the present and immediate future of the American market—and there is no compelling reason to question its substantial validity—then some readers will close this volume with a sense of dismay. What will happen to a large part of our increased income is this: some producers are going to try to soak it up by putting more labor into their products, as frozen peas now comprise the labor of shelling; others will claim a larger share of our dollars by building in as standard what was once extra, as heaters are now built into cars; others will absorb part of our additional income by campaigns of obsolescence—perhaps consumers can eventually be induced to trade in their flat silver every two years. And that is how the money will go.

Now, it is certainly true, as has been said above, that if America produces exceedingly and generates greater income, we consumers will have to spend most of it to keep our economy on an even keel. And it is also true that, as penury in America diminishes, more of us can afford to buy the novel, the frivolous, the highly differentiated, the over-refined—that's what being rich means. Even so, there is some danger of going too far, and of neglecting fundamental needs that even this richest nation on earth has not begun to meet adequately. Perhaps the most obvious one among these is schools. Another is civil defense; Sweden spends seventeen times more per capita. The mentally and emotionally handicapped are increasing with the population, and like us they live longer because they, too, have better diets and access to antibiotics. Only the most rudimentary provisions are being made for those neglected souls. Our highways are poor and unsafe. Our prisons are antiques. And, perhaps worst of all, hospitals have a long way to go before they are as up to date as the lapis lazuli slacks that grandpaw wore last summer.

Perhaps the editors of *Fortune* will some day turn their considerable talents and their sense of community obligation to the question of how needs such as these can be whipped up into effective demand and be made to soak up the waxing income of a nation already incredibly rich.

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The Romance of Retailing

"The Great Merchants," by Tom Mahoney *(Harper. 340 pp. $3.95), gives the history of twenty successful American retailing firms. It is reviewed here by Harry E. Resseguie, chief of the Washington bureau of the Fairchild Publications, who is now at work on a biography of A. T. Stewart.*

By Harry E. Resseguie

IT IS a heterogeneous group of merchandising institutions whose histories Tom Mahoney has assembled in "The Great Merchants." They range in size all the way from the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., the largest retailer in the United States from the point of annual sales, to the little one-million-dollar business of L. L. Bean at Freeport, Maine, and include such divergent businesses as Sears, Roebuck & Co., the Singer Sewing Machine Co., and the Hudson's Bay Co.

There is little that is new in the individual histories of these firms, as Mr. Mahoney tells them, but they are interestingly written, packed with facts (which are generally accurate) and which are not elsewhere accessible to the general reader in a single volume. Many readers, who would not take the time to read an entire volume devoted to only part of the history of an individual store (such as Professor Ralph M. Hower's definitive history of Macy's up to 1919 or Professor Robert W. Twyman's equally definitive history of Marshall Field & Co. up to 1906), or the many other specialized volumes on which Mr. Mahoney has drawn freely in compiling the individual histories which comprise his book (such as the monumental history of Sears by Boris Emmet and John E. Jeuck), will find this book interesting, helpful, and probably sufficient for their needs. Some of the store histories included are available in no other bound volume.

No one, therefore, can quarrel with Mr. Mahoney's individual histories of the organizations he has included in his selection, so far as they go. There is a dearth of literature in book form on retail history and any addition to it is welcome and helpful. The title, however, is entirely too grandiose for the contents of the book, and may therefore lead to disappointment on the part of some readers, as it did in my own case.

The history of retailing is not made up wholly of successes, as the records of the Census Bureau show. One would never get this impression from "The Great Merchants," however, which deals only with successes. Some of those who failed magnificently, however, may have had as much effect on American retailing (or world retail distribution, for that matter) as Marshall Field or Julius Rosenwald.

Such a list would surely include Henry Siegel, the pyrotechnic merchant who flashed across the retail horizon in the Nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century, only to land with a fizz in a state prison about the time of the First World War when, after outsmarting others for years, he finally outsmarted himself; John Claflin, who wrecked the great wholesale dry-goods business he had inherited from his father, in an effort to establish the first great department store chain, the remnants of which are now the Associated Dry Goods Corporation; Lew Hahn, the former newspaperman and trade association executive, who nearly succeeded where Claflin failed and missed success only on a matter of timing (he completed putting together what is now the great Allied Stores Corp. in 1929), and Harry Gordon Selfridge, the merchandising genius who made Marshall Field's retail store a success, but failed twice when he endeavored to establish an American department store in England, although his impact on both American and British retailing is still being felt.

—New York Times Studio Photo.

Tom Mahoney—"packed with facts."

However, an even more serious fault which Mr. Mahoney's book exhibits to the business historian is the lack of a basic theme on which to string the individual histories he has assembled. As magazine pieces, which most of them originally were, they could stand alone, but between hard covers they need a catalyst to give them collective significance.

SUCH a catalyst might have been provided by selecting the subjects of the individual articles on the basis of the contribution which their founders had made to the development of retail distribution in this country. This would have substituted Montgomery Ward & Co. for Sears, Roebuck & Co. in this volume, as the pioneer mail order firm; it would have insured the selection of A. T. Stewart as the prototype of all that retail distribution in this country has since become; it would have substituted John R. Foster for J. C. Penney as the man who first developed the amoeba-pattern of building a retail chain—by going partners with his clerks in branch stores—and it surely would have included the forward-looking A. Swann Brown, of the Brown-Thomson Co., Hartford, Conn., who put together the first great retailer-owned central buying organization in the department store field, the so-called "Scotch syndicate." It might also have included Thomas A. Sperry, who invented the trading stamp, and many others who contributed to the technological development which produced the department store.

All of these individuals, and many others, made contributions to the development of retailing which can definitely be pin-pointed. But the part which they played in this development during their own day is largely buried in the musty files of newspapers and early trade publications, and so is not easy of access. As more writers of business history turn from the well-ploughed fields to this virgin one, however, the time approaches when there probably will be available definitive histories of the old-time dry-goods store and the department store, and equally definitive

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biographies of more of the men who developed these institutions. In the meantime books such as Mr. Mahoney's "The Great Merchants" will help to prepare a reading public for more definitive books, it is to be hoped.

Notes

MANAGEMENT'S HEADACHES: The recent Twenty-fourth National Business Conference of the Harvard Business School Association discussed three problems which often nag management: delegation of responsibility, control of delegated responsibility, and achievement of clear-cut lines of communication. They are the subject of the article-forum **"The Management Team"** (Harvard University Press, $4), ably edited by Edward C. Bursk.

One might suppose executives would be apt to welcome the sharing of management burdens, but too many possess psychological blocks and distrust of the capabilities of others to allow them to relinquish one iota of responsibility. As many contributors to the forum note, this type of self-centered approach to management neither makes for effective teamwork nor encourages the exploitation of personnel potential. From experience, Lucius D. Clay, board chairman of the Continental Can Company, stresses the commonly ignored fact "that the strong man never hesitates to delegate authority, and never loses patience because difficulties arise, as long as the responsible executive is taking adequate measures to cope with such difficulties."

Parceling out responsibility is an art that calls for ability to delegate "in a spirit which will bring out the best in the delegates," according to John S. Tomajan, president of the Washburn Company. One executive, Cyrus H. Williams of Gregg & Son, even goes so far as periodically to remove people from their jobs to test how effectively they have trained their subordinates to carry on as a team as the result of delegated responsibility. This principle, along with proper definition of responsibility, which lies at the heart of communication, and a smooth system of controls were fully discussed and illustrated at the Harvard forum by top-notch executives. Many of their management brethren in the business world could gain by taking these experiences to heart.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

THE FAMILY AND THE ECONOMY: Advertisers, economists, and business people have had to exchange one yard-

(*Continued on page 39*)

PORTRAITS

Man in Quest of Love

"Casanova," by Hermann Kesten *(translated by James Stern and Robert Pick. Harper. 396 pp. $5), is a biography of the eighteenth-century Italian whose name has become a synonym for the satyric male.*

By Ben Ray Redman

HERMANN KESTEN'S lively "Casanova" is in large part a rehash of the even livelier memoirs that the subject of it wrote in his old age in Count Waldstein's castle in Bohemia. With industry and considerable skill Mr. Kesten has abridged, paraphrased, and summarized the twelve volumes of the "Memoirs," and he has interpolated editorial and critical comments of his own, based on his knowledge of the large body of literature that has grown up around Casanova's masterpiece.

The result is a readily readable, scandalous, scrappy narrative that moves at a jerky, uneven pace—now fast, now slow, and again almost breathless in its speed, with the record of half a dozen incidents being crowded into a single short paragraph. This biography is, of course, no adequate substitute for Casanova's autobiography, even in an abridged and expurgated form, but it should serve to introduce many readers to one of the most remarkable adventurers who ever lived, and it sets forth, often with explicit details, as much of this picaresque hero's exploits as many readers will care to know.

It is a notorious fact that women dominated Casanova's life. Inevitably they dominate the "Memoirs"—although some of the most interesting pages have nothing to do with women—and they loom even larger, proportionately, in Mr. Kesten's biography. A fair amount of space is given to Casanova's famous escape from the "Leads," to his management of the French Government lottery, to the crowning fraud of a fraudulent life—his hoaxing of the credulous Marquise d'Urfé—to his gambling and his financial dodges, to his endless travels and his friends and acquaintances in high places. But we are always coming back to the women. They litter the pages. Mr. Kesten, in his foreword, salutes the sexual exploits for which Casanova's name is almost a synonym, and, as this passage is at once an accurate advertisement of what Mr. Kesten's book has to offer and a fair sample of his style, I think it should be quoted in full. No words could better serve a reviewer's purpose.

—Jacket design from book.

Casanova—"remarkable adventurer."

> He [Casanova] makes love under all circumstances—in beds, in coaches, on staircases, in bathing establishments, and in the open. He makes love in all positions—standing, sitting, lying down, with one girl, with two girls, two men with one girl, with fake eunuchs, with his niece, with his natural daughter, with former mistresses whom he meets again after thirty years, with a ten-year-old, with a seventy-year-old (on which occasion the sight of his undressed seventeen-year-old girl friend gives him strength), with two sisters at once, with mother and daughter, with prostitutes, and with innocent girls whose innocence he spares. He makes love amidst laughter, amidst tears, amidst oaths and false promises and sincere vows and veritable cascades of words, in the light and in the dark, with money, without money, for money, and when he doesn't make love he speaks of love and reminisces about love and demands love and is full of love, a single (and profane) Solomon's Song of love, and a reverberating hymn to the whole female sex.

This must have been as amusing and as easy a book to write as it is to read.

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Lady in the Park

"Paloma," by Mrs. Robert Henrey *(E. P. Dutton. 256 pp. $3.75), is the portrait of a fascinating Frenchwoman that "Little Madeleine," now grown up and part of the London world of fashion, met in a Mayfair park during World War II.*

By Ernestine Evans

AND now the pattern changes. The Little Madeleine, grown up and married and known as Mrs. Robert Henrey, with three volumes of autobiographical memoirs behind her, in a new book called "Paloma" turns the spotlight on another woman with the same detailed pictorial style she employed when writing of herself.

We hear Paloma before we see the eccentric and aged Burgundian Frenchwoman: "What's the point, I'd like to know, of being thrifty and careful." The speaker's voice had a sneering note as she interrupted the Little Madeleine and her friend Gabrielle while the one with her Pekingese and the other with her poodle was taking the air in Green Park, just off Piccadilly one day in 1944. Paloma was an old friend of Gabrielle's, an aged eccentric Frenchwoman who had been one of the beauteous Gaiety girls in a musical revue at the turn of the century. Strange she was in her sacklike garment. As Mrs. Henrey stared at her burnt skin and her fine nose like a Spanish grandee's the old lady began to talk about her brother Pierre and what he must be doing down in Burgundy, rolling out his wine barrels and getting ready to ship one of them to his sister in London. (Was that possible in 1944?) The worst of the bombings were over, and a very female company sat about in Green Park. The odd assortment of women talked of clothes and food, little bargains, specials from this butcher and that grocer, knowing which Soho spot had some gray-market tidbit or scarce butter, confided about their flats, their furnishings, their men.

The form of the book is a record of dialogue, shades of conversation. Like an archeologist digging (politely questioning or just listening), Mrs. Henrey unveils the story of Paloma.

The portrait she paints of a Frenchwoman, slowly, surely coming to a state of fascination and often perplexity about the behavior of another Frenchwoman, becomes full length.

There was something witchlike about Paloma. She threw money away; and she held it fast, and ruled her family in France with her use of it, was gentle and generous and a tyrant by turns. One reads with a hypnotized and puzzled attention as a whole life is unraveled. When Paloma goes back to France at last the Little Madeleine, now a fast friend as well as explorer of another personality, makes a pilgrimage to Burgundy. She sees her friend through the eyes of the brother, the sister whose love affair had been peremptorily dealt with by the Grand Dame. When Paloma dies the Little Madeleine makes another journey to her grave, and again the younger woman's knack for detail makes the French village, the meals, the houses, each bibelot and possession have a kind of life for the reader. The sense of property, the tenacity of the old woman's calm clutch on life, her perversity, not quite insanity, but a passionate individualism like some Balzac character, her persistent beauty, hypnotize the delineator, and at the same time interest the reader. In a way, to be sure, despite the never wavering spotlight on another, this book, too, is autobiographical, though one never quite guesses what is happening to Madeleine's own life.

—Jacket by Galdone, for "Paloma."

". . . a whole life is unraveled."

Notes

RUMANIAN DISCOVERS AMERICA: Young Rumanian diplomat Mircea Vasiliu leaped the Iron Curtain as gracefully as any tennis-winner ever jumped a net. He did the job in Washington, where he decided to quit after King Michael abdicated. Taking a limousine to the State Department, he told of his intention, was requested to wait until a moment when his act would have full propaganda value. This came with the arrival of Michael and Queen Marie in this country, and an Enesco concert in honor of the event. The handsome young man even returned to his embassy the next day, to chat and discover the reaction to his apostasy. Since then he has worked at a number of jobs, including bookselling at Brentano's, and now is an established artist whose sketches illustrated Cleveland Amory's "The Last Resorts." In **"The Pleasure Is Mine"** (Harper, $3.50) he has a lively story to tell, beginning with youth in Rumania, where an aunt "who could put significance into an insignificant smile" assisted him toward diplomacy. Picked to accompany the serio-comic ambassadorial staff here, he found ours a delightfully bewildering country, with Broadway a dazzling dream and women unhappy over having hands kissed. He has studied us with fascination since, even going so far as to marry a lovely, red-headed American. He also seems to have believed anything he was told, and someone must have said that Americans love funny books. For he is so determinedly funny here that what should have been a pleasant book with a humorous slant becomes a trial to read. One keeps hoping for a serious paragraph to balance the relentless jollity. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

WAGNER'S PATRON: Obese Ludwig II of Bavaria has come down in history as the maddest ruler of all, though after reading **"The Mad Monarch,"** by Werner Richter (translated by William S. Schlamm; Henry Regnery, $5), it would seem that other kings have been equally mad. Among the factors driving Ludwig into lunacy were homosexuality, bad heredity, an unpleasing personality, an unhappy childhood, and not the slightest desire to be a king. Practically his only balance was a deep love of the music of Richard Wagner. Indeed, the presence of Wagner provided the only intermittently happy periods the poor fellow ever had. No sooner was he raised to kingship at the age of twenty-one than he sent for Wagner, then down and out. He lavished on the composer money and favors, and for a time the two were bosom friends. In the last year of his life—he died at forty-two—his madness grew so out of bounds that a State commission finally certified him insane. In a bizarre last act Ludwig takes the head of the commission on a walk, chases him into a lake, throttles him, then keeps on until the waters close over his head. —A. C.

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Can the Liberal Survive?

AT THE maternity hospital connected with Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore a very learned professor, some forty years ago, made a careful investigation into the psychology of newborn infants. He discovered (what no one would have guessed) that few of them like being dropped. He discovered also that a certain percentage enjoy being gently tickled. But it is not these discoveries, profound as they are, with which I am concerned. I am concerned with his third discovery, that babies get into a rage when you prevent them from moving their arms or legs. He had not the means of investigating the subsequent home-life of these scientifically valuable specimens. But I suspect that brothers, two or three years their seniors, enjoyed constricting the babies' limbs and watching the resultant furies, though no doubt this pastime could only be enjoyed during Mother's absence.

We have here, in the baby and the elder brother, the roots in human nature from which spring love of liberty and love of government. Love of liberty is the grown-up form of the baby's dislike of having his arms and legs held. Love of government is the grown-up form of the brother's pleasure in exercising power over the infant.

Both of these impulses lie so deep in human nature that neither is likely to achieve a complete and permanent conquest. From the beginning of civilized times there has been an oscillation between emphasis on individual liberty and emphasis on order. Society needs both, but there is at almost all times a tendency to undue emphasis upon either one or the other. What are called "liberal ideals" are, broadly speaking, those which are concerned with personal freedom. The man who values liberal ideals is concerned to say, though with some limitations, that individuals should be free in the expression of their opinions whether in speech or in writing, and that private enterprise should be permitted wherever there are not strong positive arguments against it. There is an opposite set of ideals some of which, at least, also have their place in making up a satisfactory society. These are: discipline, cooperativeness, obedience, orthodoxy, and respect for law. We may distinguish these two sets of ideals as individual and governmental. When a society has too much of the one it becomes important to emphasize the other, and *vice versa*. It has seemed in recent decades that most parts of the world are traveling towards a tighter system in which individual liberty is increasingly sacrificed to the behests of governments. There are those who think that this tendency will continue indefinitely, and that the emphasis upon the individual which characterized liberalism must permanently disappear. I do not myself believe this. And I think that history affords grounds for my disbelief.

What may be called broadly the liberal outlook began in certain city-states of ancient Greece. In Greece it was largely destroyed by the Macedonian conquest, but for a long time it was influential in Rome. Rome, after a period of civil wars, achieved rest and order under the Empire. Experience of anarchy turned men against liberty, and governmental ideals prevailed for about twelve centuries. Liberal ideals revived with the growth of commercial cities in North Italy, whence they spread to the Hanse towns and ultimately to Holland and England. Throughout their history liberal ideals have been associated with wealth and commerce. The fact that they are now more or less in eclipse is due to the impoverishment of the world and to the decay of commerce owing to economic nationalism.

It is due also, and perhaps even more fundamentally, to the growth of fear. A schoolteacher who has to take a collection of unruly children for a holiday outing may have great difficulty in controlling them. But if they are all frightened by a bad thunderstorm they will for the time being become completely docile. War and the fear of war have the same effect upon adult populations as the thunderstorm has upon children. For this reason danger always increases the sphere of government, and diminishes the sphere still claimed for individual liberty.

Not only the danger of war, but other dangers also, such as pestilence and starvation, have the same effect. In China, from the very beginnings of its history down to the present day, the Yellow River has been a source of terror. The silt which it brings down from the mountains raises the river-bed and from time to time causes the river to change its course. Whenever this happens millions perish. Owing to lax government the evil has never been adequately coped with. Now at last the Communist Government is engaged in putting an end to it. This, I should think, has much more effect in converting Chinese peasants than the abstruse doctrines of Marxist ideology. The peasants say, "What is the use of being free if you are dead?" And to such a question, in certain situations, the liberal can give no adequate answer.

IF, however, it is permissible to make any optimistic forecast as to the world's emergence from its present troubles, it is also permissible to believe that liberal ideals will revive. If we can indulge the hope that the danger of war will be averted by the creation of an international government, and the danger of starvation by modern technique and control of population, then it is also permissible to hope that fear will cease to dominate us to the extent to which it does

(*Continued on page* 35)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VITUPEROUS PROPAGANDA

ORIANNA ATKINSON, quoting in her review of "The Red Carpet" [*SR* Feb. 26], gives one of author Marshall MacDuffie's impressions of Russia: "Against the expressed desire for peace is the grim readiness for war and the vicious anti-American propaganda."

Surely I am only one of hundreds of your readers to substitute the word "Russian" for the word "American," thus formulating a picture of this country as true as the one intended for the USSR. To borrow Mrs. Atkinson's words, it was "to me, the most chilling paragraph" in her review. Both countries are so desperately afraid for themselves that efforts toward mutual understanding are deemed blasphemous and are speedily overwhelmed with vituperous propaganda.

MRS. J. D. HOLMQUIST.

Hyattsville, Md.

RATIONAL OR IRRATIONAL CONSUMERS

IN HIS REVIEW of "Consumer Behavior" [*SR* Feb. 19] Ben Gedalecia seems to find fault with the concept that the consumer needs to be rational and examine all articles offered for sale before purchasing. It seems to me that every beginning textbook in economics and every apologist for our capitalistic system of economics starts out with the supposition that the customer is rational and has all the necessary information for a rational purchase of goods and services. If this assumption proves to be false as some have believed in the past, it might bode ill for the future of our capitalistic economy, for an irrational consumer might just as soon choose some other form of economy.

It is rather interesting to see a member of Batten, Barton, Durstin, & Osborn bring this point to light—it might explain their success in selling a President and a political party to our nonrational consumers.

JOHN E. GEORGE.

Fort Worth, Tex.

PEACE UNDER LAW

IN HIS STIRRING EDITORIAL "The Devil's Bargain Basement" [*SR* Feb. 5] N. C. ends his cogent argument for limited federal government for the world with these words:

> For it is not necessary that the goal of world law be absolutely achieved before there is a reasonable chance for peace. The powerful and dedicated advocacy of the goal may in fact be the shield we are looking for.

If this is so—and I firmly believe that it is—what are we waiting for? U.N. Charter review will be Number One on the agenda of the General Assembly next fall. Should not this fact and the inescapable necessity for a strengthened United Nations, with power to enact, interpret, and enforce world law, be Number One on the agendas of every legislature, every foreign office, every citizens' group, every business organization, every church, every club, every magazine, every television and radio station, every home, every heart?

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Santa Monica, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm leaving this place—every time I try to drill for water some black stuff flows up."

QUITE PERSUASIVE

JUDGE ROBERT MORRIS makes a persuasive case for the basically correct attitude of U.S. Senate subcommittees ["Should Congress Investigate?" *SR* Feb. 19]. Like everything else on earth, subcommittees are not perfect, but Morris is correct in stating that only the sensational aspects of an investigating committee are reported in the press and that most of the honorable and patient routine hard work is not publicized.

However, the frightening implication that Morris makes is that democracy cannot hold its own in a free slug-fest of ideas and that the public is so witless and so devoid of common sense that a Communist teacher, lecturer, or author can corrupt it. If exposure to Communist nonsense means *ipso facto* conversion to Communism, then God help the United States.

ERIC S. JELTRUP.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

IT WOULD SEEM to me that one of the dangers of the Congressional investigating committee is the tendency to view it, as Judge Robert Morris seems to, as the one defense against the Communist conspiracy. We cannot rid ourselves of flies by spending all our resources on fly swatters. We must also work on their breeding places, and the breeding place for Communism is among the disillusioned in our slums, the resentful among our racial minorities, and in the fear and doubt of the intellectual and the schoolman.

Judge Morris makes much of the Christian and Judaic dictate of welcoming back the lost soul by forgiving his Communistic wanderings. May he be reminded that Christian and Judaic religions also devote considerable effort toward preventing the loss of the soul in the first place.

MERLE L. DAVIS.

Seattle, Wash.

A SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITY

CONGRATULATIONS on publishing Judge Robert Morris's article on the work of Senator Jenner's committee.

The editors and publishers of the United States have a serious responsibility in this matter which so far they do not seem to have accepted. They should at least present fairly the news about opposition to traitors. Judge Morris is quite right that the "anti-anti-Communist" has created confusion in the public mind and caused many sincere Americans to fail to support such opposition to traitors as they should.

SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL.

Pomona, N.Y.

REVULSION OF GREEN FIELDS

I READ WITH INTEREST Robert L. Livingston's "Diary of a Student Abroad" [*SR* Feb. 19]. What caught my eyes was his comment about Dachau. One wonders if, in his admiration for the remarkable recovery of Germany, he could not have felt just a tiny feeling of revulsion upon passing the scene of Nazism's greatest infamy. Somehow I cannot drive from my mind the impression that the "green fields" of Dachau have been fertilized by the nitrogenous remains of Germany's wartime victims.

LEONA KRUMBEIN.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

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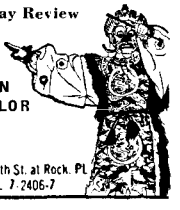

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

MR. INGE'S MERINGUELESS PIE

LET US acclaim "Bus Stop" as the most warmhearted and natural theatre-piece of the season. In it William Inge has presented us with some real people from his Kansas collection. The two leading characters are Cherie, a twenty-year-old "chantoozie" who is less scrupulous about sex than she is about such more important amenities as "never allowing table service during one of her numbers," and Bo Decker, a naive cowboy whose immaturity manifests itself in noisy brashness and stupid bad manners, the most serious of which is the abducting of Cherie to his Montana ranch with the intent of enforced marriage. They are supported in midflight by a handful of characters who reveal themselves to each other (and us) when a bus stop is prolonged by a road-blocking blizzard. There is Elma Duckworth, an "unpretty" adolescent who is so innocent and insecure that she finds herself flattered at learning that a childishly romantic old man had wanted to make love to her. There is Grace Hovland, a grass widow who, through allowing a married bus-driver up to her room "to quiet her nerves," learns to reconcile herself to become undemanding.

But the most important and least conventional character in "Bus Stop" is an outsider who doesn't know Kansas City, Missouri, from Kansas City, Kansas. He is Dr. Lyman, an ex-professor who travels about in compulsive lust after young girls just "to prove to himself that he is free." In a drunken moment, while reciting Romeo opposite Elma's deeply-felt Juliet, he comes to realize the distance between his position and that of a man capable of true unselfish love. Dr. Lyman (or is it Mr. Inge?) offers this interesting analysis of love in our time.

> It takes strong men and women to love . . . people who are strong enough to love without humiliation . . . and brave enough to bear the responsibility of being loved and not fear it as a burden . . . two people really in love, after the intensity of their attraction is subdued, then face the trembling time when they must give up something of *themselves* in order to live as one. And that is a gift that men are afraid to make. Thus they never know love, only its facsimiles, which they seek over and over again.

While understanding his position does not permit Dr. Lyman to sail to Byzantium, it does cause him to call off a scheduled junket to Topeka with Miss Dockworth. His comments on love are, of course, incomprehensible to Bo, Cherie, and the others, but each comes to terms with them on less conscious levels.

This leaves it up to the actors who must illustrate Mr. Inge's point with conventional dialogue and simple behavior. Fortunately, he has corraled Kim Stanley and Albert Salmi, who under Harold Clurman's sympathetic direction give two of the most fully-realized performances to be witnessed in one Broadway play. Miss Stanley brings the same voltage to Cherie's comic concern with the pseudo-glamorous niceties and physical comforts of life that she might to a tragic role. She caps her magnificent performance when, from the mere act of being helped on with a coat by her fiance, she detonates a rather ordinary exit line ("Goodbye, everyone, goodbye") into a Roman candle of joyous release.

Albert Salmi's gauche cowboy is similarly vital and convincing. Not only does he avoid buffoonery, but he also exhibits a sensitivity that is far more acute than it was in his two previous Broadway appearances. Phyllis Love's adolescent duckling is touchingly natural though a trifle subdued. Anthony Ross's Dr. Lyman is funny and filled with proper anguish, but an overwhelming preoccupation with the character's own nervous state tends to make him more pitiable than terror-striking.

As much as one admires and enjoys "Bus Stop," one feels that Mr. Inge has done not much more than interweave a trio of not very startling sketches. True, they all deal with the conflict between insecurity produced by selfishness and true love, but what happens in any one sketch doesn't have much effect on what happens in any other. The play's chief distinction lies in the way Mr. Inge has served up banal characters with most of their sentimental fat trimmed off. On the other hand, he avoids rich dialogue, colorful eccentricities, and the theatrical exploitation of dramatic situations. While this makes his comedy an honest etching of life, one sometimes wishes that Mr. Inge might more completely free himself from the demands of the commonplace.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

ESSAY FOR ELIA

IT was an inspiration for director Elia Kazan to cast Marlon Brando as the leading actor in the film **"East of Eden"** (Warner Brothers), for the central figure of this Steinbeck drama is an inarticulate Cain who has many of the qualities which Brando has projected so successfully in becoming the first American actor of our day. It is also a most provoking circumstance that Brando happened not to be available and James Dean was cast in the role.

Not to be denied, Kazan has apparently attempted to graft a Brando-type personality and set of mannerisms upon Dean, and the result is less than successful. Dean is an attractive young actor whose first noteworthy appearance was in the stage production of "The Immoralist." He has been carefully and shrewdly rehearsed in the fish gestures of the hands, the shy turning of the head, the athlete's bouncing walk, the sentences trailing off into mumbles. But this artful construction of a performance is not, to get Stanislavskian about it, building a character, and this is the first major reason why the heavy construction of "East of Eden" gives off a hollow sound.

"East of Eden" is a screenplay which takes itself seriously without achieving more than a small serious accomplishment. Steinbeck has created a group of characters Biblical in their dimension, yet illuminated by modern insights. His Adam (Raymond Massey) is a stern fellow with the energy of a builder and a rigid Puritanical honesty which shuts out anything soft and frivolous. With the Puritan's ungovernable flesh-cry he has taken into his home the woman Kate (Jo Van Fleet), but after a short time under the roof with Adam Trask the lady has put a bullet in his shoulder and gone off to Monterey to become the proprietress of the toughest bawdy house on the coast.

The children of this union are an Abel and Cain cleverly re-interpreted by Steinbeck. Abel, or Aron (Richard Davalos), is a good boy, so good and pure that he is a smug little prig who denies his fiancee Abra (Julie Harris) the satisfaction of a physical element in their love. Cain (here called Cal) is a bad boy, because of his anger at having been cheated of his father's affection. He can kill his brother (or shatter him by showing him the long-concealed truth about their mother's professional status) because of his need to be enthroned as the true son of his father.

In execution, this family tangle has the quality of Eugene O'Neill beneath a harsh Western sun. Kazan's picture-making, with its camera interest in violence and shock, retains this raw-boned approach. The canvas and the attempt are large, but the fragments of the picture which generate true emotion are small.

There is a moment when Julie Harris, brilliant and touching all through the film, tells how her close relationship with her father was broken by the arrival of a stepmother, and how she wilfully threw the lady's ring into the river. There is a pleasant sensation of spring and awakening life as a boy dances over the new sprouts of a hopefully-sown bean field. There is a final touching moment of repose as the rejected boy sits down in a chair beside his father's sick bed, admitted at last into the circle of his father's love.

These are the memorable moments in the sprawling, lurid, old-fashioned, generally unaffecting movie which has come from the Steinbeck novel.

* * *

One of the more amusing aspects of **"Three for the Show"** (Columbia) is the note on the credit list which asserts that this amiable little musical was quarried from the pages of a W. Somerset Maugham play. With "Jupiter's Darling" appearing as a Robert Sherwood "Road to Rome" in aqueous solution, a mother lode of new libretto material appears to have been opened.

The comic possibilities of the Enoch Arden situation have frequently suggested themselves to screenwriters, since nothing, it would appear, is more stimulating to the creative mind than three in a bedroom. "Three for the Show" thus takes a tour through country that is familiar, if not necessarily dearly beloved. Surprisingly enough, however, producer Jonie Taps, director H. C. Potter, screenwriters Edward Hope and Leonard Stern, and choreographer Jack Cole have supplied a pleasantly tinkling entertainment. Since the present trend in screen musicals is frequently stupefying, this bright piece is welcome.

—LEE ROGOW.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"CASEY" STRIKES OUT—AGAIN

AS ONE who has heard most of the major works of William Schuman, and would not bet a nickel on the ability to recognize a single one of them (save for the "American Festival" overture), I cannot qualify as an ideal auditor for his "Mighty Casey," which was displayed via TV on "Omnibus" lately. On the other hand, I like baseball, with which it is concerned; admire the poem of Ernest L. Thayer, on which it is based; and regard Alistair Cooke as an M.C. par excellence.

So, I gave myself over to "The Mighty Casey" on the premise that maybe I could forget it was by William Schuman, president of the Juilliard Graduate School; but Schuman would not let me forget it. From the opening Prokofievish march I was made aware that this was Learning-in-a-Moment-of-Abandon; but I could not believe that the fact that "Omnibus" runs to 6:30 and "The Mighty Casey" began at 5:30 meant that it would take all of an hour to retell Thayer's thrice-told tale.

There were digressions and elaborations, amplifications and adumbrations; there was, in fact, everything but a straightforward concentration on the business in hand. A skit, after all, is a skit, and even Ravel did not string "L'Heure Espagnol" out to this length. As for the cliches of crowd action, umpirical behavior, etc., which were called upon to impart authenticity to the action, TV brings us the real thing over 200 times a year (in the New York area), and it was merely caricaturing itself. Musically everybody did well, beginning with conductor Samuel Krachmalnick. At that, the whole affair was academic, for with runners on second and third with two out and the visiting team ahead by two, no pitcher in his right mind would fool with such a dangerour hitter as Casey. Put 'im on! Since he didn't and Casey whiffed—again—Mudville could properly contend "We wuz robbed." Especially by W. Schuman.

So far as I know, greatness has never been defined as the continuing desire to excel, but Artur Rubinstein made the allusion inevitable by offering, at his recent reappearance in Carnegie Hall, his first performance there in many years of the B minor piano sonata of Liszt. As any music-lover knows, this is a work played only by a master or a fool; and Rubinstein is no fool.

In a reasonable span of concert-going I have heard a comparable performance only once before, when the interpreter was Vladimir Horowitz. Those who can surround the notes rarely possess the fervor to make the outcome convincing, a type exemplified by the late Simon Barer; those who have the fervor (I think here of Michael Zadora) are apt to be hard-pressed for the exacting requirements of coordination and pianistic power.

Rubinstein's facility is, as such things go, rather remarkable; but not to the extent that it can be taken for granted in such a work. Thus, to the other intense interests he developed in pursuit of musical justice, there was the human factor of fallibility. He sometimes teetered on the tight-rope, but never lost his balance. This was a projection organic in conception and organic in realization, using the word both in terms of the emergence of the total musical design, and as a measure of sonority. With Horowitz the fine lines and detail have the definition of an etching, black on white; with Rubinstein the tonal values spill over into vibrant masses of color, like oils on canvas. Each is supreme of its kind, and essentially non-comparable.

The passing parade of music brought Walter Gieseking back to New York as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in the same week that Herbert von Karajan conducted the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra there for the first time. Doubtless, commentators of the future will try to make something of this coincidence, whose only relationship, so far as I know, was to divide the interested public, with a limiting effect on the response to Gieseking.

In an intermission of the "Tristan" noted below, I heard Gieseking perform Mozart's C major (No. 21) concerto in a cool, calculated manner, with an abundance of pianistic finesse and a rather heartless virtuosity. I except the slow movement, which was articulated in a way only such a pianistic master as Gieseking could achieve. The fast sections, however, were punched out like so many cards on a timeclock. Every note was audible, but hardly in the wanted relationship. Guido Cantelli followed where the soloist led.

The pool of Wagner talent being what it is today, the Metropolitan's first "Tristan" this season, with Varnay, Svanholm, Thebom, and Joseph Metternich (Kurvenal), was on the order of superior. But with all respect for these earnest artists and for Rudolf Kempe, who conducted, this was a respectable but insufficient endeavor. The one really appropriate voice in the cast belonged to Jerome Hines, who made an effort promising for the future in his first King Mark.

Miss Varnay's recent summers in Bayreuth have given her a fine stage action for Isolde, and she never offends the intelligence with her singing. It is, alas, all too often colorless and thick sounding. Svanholm's best days as Tristan are behind him, though he returns this season in relatively good voice. However, he does not draw blood with his singing any more than does the decorous Brangaene of Thebom or the intimately-scaled Kurvenal of Metternich.

Given this kind of usable if not vibrant vocal talent, a conductor of greater vital power than Kempe could have done rather more with it. As of now, however, he is about on a parity of development with the singers, with the result that musical decorum was observed, but not too much else.

FOR one who holds the theory (as I do) that coloratura singing is a form of physical culture often reflecting a retarded vocal development, the appearance recently in Carnegie Hall of Gianna Jenco, from Italy, was a source of aid and comfort. Her program included such staples of the coloratura repertory as "Saper vorreste" from "Un Ballo," the "Bell Song," etc. They were far from perfectly performed, but with a flighty ease in the upper octave—E up to E above "high" C—that left many listeners breathless.

Miss Jenco is, by official count, eleven years old, and if her squat, well-rounded figure suggested, in the red dress and white socks, a year or two more, she is still sub-debutante by several years. In any case, since she can toss off roulades and staccati, octave leaps and other vocal acrobatics as easily as she does the implication is plain: Pons and Paglinghi, Munsel and Peters are laggards on the scene rather than ambitious virtuosa of a difficult medium.

Cara Jenco would, in any reasonable society, be retired from public performance at once, that her truly exceptional gifts not be blighted by overexposure to the hard light of public appreciation. Allowing for all the flabby immaturity of the performances, she has an incipient sense of musical line, a feeling for phrase and accent that might amount to something some years hence. At the moment, however, it is as unsuitable for exploitation as a sixteen-year-old miler.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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TV AND RADIO

TWO DAVIDS IN SEARCH OF A GOLIATH

DAVID WAYNE, the actor, and David Swift, the producer, got together last summer and decided to rig up a half-hour television show. The combination seemed a natural—Mr. Wayne, who created those wonderfully imaginative performances in "Finian's Rainbow" and "Teahouse of the August Moon," and Mr. Swift, who created television's gentle, wispy "Mr. Peepers."

Mr. Swift evolved the character of a man named Norby, a small-town banker to whom, as the saying goes, anything can happen and usually does. And Mr. Wayne agreed to play the title role. The idea was presented to a sponsor, the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, New York, and the show was gobbled up at a million and a half or so dollars for a full season's supply of half-hour films. Which comes to about $45,000 a show.

By the time the first show went on the air the boys had filmed eighteen in advance at a cost of $810,000. By the time the first half-dozen had been shown Eastman Kodak of Rochester, New York, realized they had bought a dog in a poke. The show would have to be drastically revised and all that film would have to be shelved. They even decided to give up film for the time being and do the show live.

Now Eastman-Kodak of Rochester, New York, knows how I felt ten or twelve years ago when, on a summer's vacation on the Jersey coast, I bought my first motion-picture camera and embarked on a new hobby. After my first week's shooting of hundreds of feet I dispatched it to Eastman Kodak of Rochester, New York, and eagerly awaited the development of my first film.

There was less of a development of my film than there has been on any "Norby" show. I had neglected to take the cap off the camera lens.

But, unlike Eastman Kodak of Rochester, New York, I didn't decide to give up film. I tried again. This time I got results. With a cast of one —a girl whom we shall call Jane— I shot more hundreds of feet of film. And I must say she was very helpful with her suggestions.

"Why don't I wave?" she said.

She waved when she got into the car. When she got out of the car she waved. At Asbury Park she waved in front of the ferris wheel. We stopped for a hot dog and she improvised a wave with a hot dog in her hand. On the beach she walked away from the camera toward the water, walking backward into the Atlantic as she waved. (This was long before Joan Crawford did it.) And she would still be walking backward and waving if I hadn't run out of film.

Again I sent the product of my new hobby to Eastman Kodak of Rochester, New York, and it came back fine. It wasn't an A picture exactly. It wasn't a B picture. It wasn't a C picture. It wasn't a D picture. (I could go on like this forever.) But I didn't give it up. I realized my film lacked something, and I decided to take a big risk. Maybe an interesting story might help.

I put away my camera for a day or two and got myself a shooting script. With a cast of one I was limited but not defeated. Jane played all the parts. She got out of the car in front of the house and walked up the flowered path to the door and rang the bell. As she waited for the door to open I shot over the shoulder of a double—dressed as Jane was— and the door was opened by Jane in another outfit. She and the double embraced and she waved at the double to enter. (Waving is her forte. I made good use of it.)

In the next scene she came into the patio and waved at several beach chairs, in each of which was Jane in different costumes. Then a tennis game was decided on in which Jane played tennis with herself in two different outfits.

This film did not cost $45,000. True, it only runs three minutes—one-tenth the time of a half-hour of "Norby"— but it did not even cost $4,500. I made it for $2,355. (To photograph some of the shots I stepped into some ragweed and to get rid of a rash it cost some $2,000 for dermatologists and salves. The rest went for costumes for my star and film.)

I'll be happy to show my film to the Eastman Kodak people of Rochester, New York. I still have it. But they must see it soon because every time I thread it in my projector some of the film breaks off. My residual is down to a minute-forty. But even so I have an amusing story and a definite point of view.

—GOODMAN (WONG HOWE) ACE.

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Vernon Bartlett

REPORT FROM MALAYA

What are the aims and gains of the 5000 communist guerillas who have kept Malaya in a state of crisis for the last 6 years? "The person who is looking for the basic facts could hardly do better than to approach the Malayan question through this book."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.75

Dannie Abse

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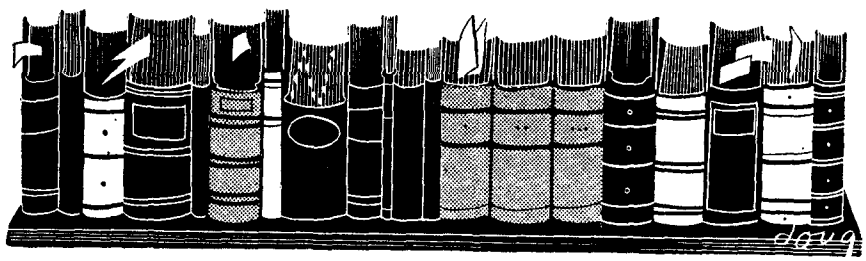
LET'S LOOK IT UP

Reference Books for the Home



No house can properly be called a home without a shelf of books to provide answers to the countless questions that pop up every day. Although the past year has not been a notably rich one in the reference field, the fourscore recent books reviewed and noted on this and the following pages include many that belong in every home reference bookcase.

WHICH ENCYCLOPEDIA?

By EVELYN E. KIRKLAND, *Brooklyn Public Library.*

EACH year millions of dollars are spent by American families for encyclopedias for home use. Most of these sales are transacted when a representative from a publishing company calls on the family, presents a sampling of his product accompanied by testimonials from prominent citizens of the community, and then proceeds to convince the head of the family that this particular set of books is essential for the education and future well-being of the family. Now, the same principle holds for encyclopedias and reference sets as for most other consumer products. There is no one encyclopedia to suit all needs. The wise buyer should do some comparative shopping on his own before signing for anything on the dotted line.

If you are thinking of adding an encyclopedia to your home library first of all decide how much you want to spend. Encyclopedias range widely in price from inexpensive one-volume desk handbooks to comprehensive multi-volume sets costing several hundred dollars. Producing a good encyclopedia is a very expensive undertaking, involving a great deal of intensive research. There are no cheap substitutes for the expert, scholarly workmanship which goes into an authoritative reference work.

The next important consideration is to decide who is going to use it and for what purpose. No encyclopedia can possibly contain the total sum of human knowledge so the editors must establish a policy of selection. Often a one-volume work covers as wide a range of subjects as the multi-volume set but the information in the one-volume work is necessarily brief, sometimes only a few identifying words, as compared with several pages on the same subject in the larger set. If you merely want a handy source of quick information to identify a name, locate a place, or help solve a puzzle then a desk encyclopedia should be adequate. If you intend to use an encyclopedia for study and research you will need more detailed information and only a multi-volume encyclopedia will suffice.

Many home encyclopedias are bought for the use of the children in the family. There are several excellent encyclopedias for children available but they too run into big money. If there are several children in the family who will be using it steadily over a period of time these sets are a good investment. However, children outgrow encyclopedias almost as fast as shoes and it might be wise to consider carefully whether your children's needs might be better met with a simply written adult encyclopedia which could be used through high school and even college.

WHEN you have decided the type of encyclopedia you want the next step is to select the one which best meets your requirements. Most book shops do not stock encyclopedias, but your local library should have several of the well-known ones on its reference shelves. Compare the arrangement and presentation of material, illustrations, maps, indexes, and bibliographies. Check the date of the last major revision and whether or not year books or supplements are issued regularly. Verify the reputation of the publisher and the experience of the editors. Discuss your problem with the librarian. After all, encyclopedias are the librarian's chief reference tools, and she will be glad to point out the special features of the ones with which she is familiar. Ask to see the evaluations of the individual encyclopedias in *Subscription Books Bulletin,* a publication of the American Library Association which presents composite reviews and recommendations of reference books by an impartial board of librarians.

There are a few "don'ts" to keep in mind when considering an encyclopedia. Don't be impressed by an elaborate binding. Sometimes inferior works come in fancy covers so remember that you are buying an encyclopedia primarily for its contents. Beware of encyclopedias with names almost like other well-known ones. Some unscrupulous houses put out practically worthless sets under names misleadingly similar to well-known ones. Be wary of "free" or premium volumes offered with other purchases. Often the completion of the set costs far more than it is worth. Finally, never sign a contract for a set of books without first reading the contract carefully so that you will be thoroughly familiar with the terms.

A good encyclopedia is a valuable and welcome addition to the home bookshelf. Every member of the family will turn to it again and again for all kinds of factual information. There are excellent ones available to suit just about every requirement, so before you clinch the deal be sure that you are getting the right one for your family and the best buy for your money.

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ATLASES

"Hammond's Ambassador World Atlas" *(C. S. Hammond & Co. 416 pp. $12.50);* ***"Hammond's Pictorial Travel Atlas of Scenic America," by E. L. Jordan*** *(C. S. Hammond & Co. 256 pp. $10);* ***"The Columbus Atlas," by John Bartholomew*** *(McGraw-Hill Co. 137 pp. $10);* ***"Oxford Economic Atlas of the World,"*** *prepared by the Economist Intelligence Unit and the Cartographic Department of the Clarendon Press, Oxford (Oxford University Press. 152 pp. $7), are reviewed by John Haverstick.*

THIS is the equinoctual season of the year when atlas-lovers like to take down their volumes, heave them onto the dining-room table, and spend a pleasant hour or two in vernal contemplation of the world around them. In an effort to help them orient themselves we have examined four of the latest crop of atlases.

Of the new atlases two are native: "Hammond's Ambassador World Atlas" and "Hammond's Pictorial Travel Atlas of Scenic America." The non-native pair are "The Columbus Atlas" and "The Oxford Economic Atlas of the World." These latter two came to the U.S. by way of Great Britain, but they have now been naturalized by virtue of the fact that they bear the imprints of American publishers. The two Hammond atlases, of course, were issued by C. S. Hammond & Co. of Maplewood, N. J. (lat. 40°, long. 74°).

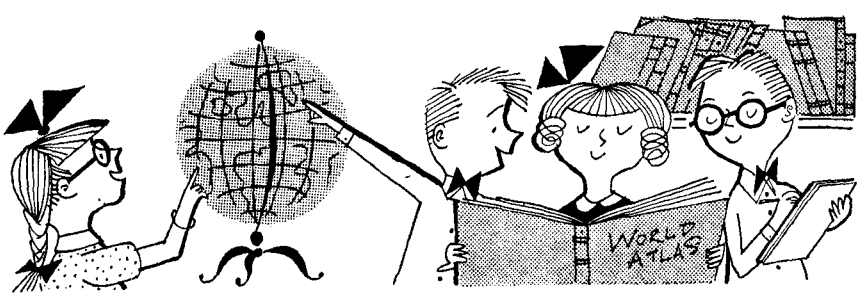
As American products the Hammond atlases understandably tend to be bigger and gaudier than their British contemporaries. The Hammond Ambassador, for example, measures a grand total of 11 by 14½ inches, weighs more than six pounds, and contains 326 maps, 241 of which are in full color and eighty-five of which are large inset maps. As atlases go it can hardly be beat. In it there are ten world maps (one of which folds out to 3x4 feet), a plenitude of maps of every country and continent, and such special maps as keys to vegetation, population, temperature, rainfall, railroads, and airlines. This, of course, has not prevented the experts on atlases from registering some objections, though gentle ones. They have decried the crowding of names into some areas (like Texas), have deplored the lack of differentiating colors in a few special maps, and they have pointed out that in the Resource-Relief map of Italy that country is represented only by a sheaf of wheat whereas in the Tables of Social and Economic Data it is clear that Italy produces over forty well-known and economically important products. Yet, for all these disadvantages the experts also agree on the Hammond Ambassador's advantages. They have been pleased that full-page maps have been devoted to Korea, Burma, Thailand, and the Philippines (though they consider such innovations highly temporal), and they have been especially pleased that it is possible to locate such newsworthy places as the Savannah River Atomic Energy Reservation, Yucca Flats, Frenchman Flat, and the Las Vegas Bombing and Gunnery Range. The experts have also been pleased with the fact that, clearly, the editors were in touch with such venerable cartological agencies as the American Geographical Society, Direccion General de Estadistica of Bolivia, Cartographic Services of the Ministry of Colonies for the Belgian Congo, and Statistisches Bundesamt of Western Germany.

"Hammond's Pictorial Travel Atlas" is a more popularly conceived volume, dedicated more to pictures than to maps. There are pictures of the swan boats in Boston's Public Garden, of azalea blossoms in Mobile, Alabama, of the only house Lincoln ever owned in Springfield, Illinois, and of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Scattered among these are a few sightseers' maps, but the most important part of the book has little to do with maps or pictures, for that matter. The important part of the book is the text, and in it a good atlas man can find the answers to a thousand-odd interesting (and, of course, important) questions. Some of these: From where can the highest mountain and the deepest valley in the U.S. be

seen simultaneously on a clear day? (Answer: from Dante's View, Death Valley). In which city can you watch elk quietly grazing along the side streets? (Answer: in Banff, in the Canadian Rockies). How many islands are there in the famous Thousand Island Archipelago of the St. Lawrence River? (Answer: 1,692.)

Having pondered these thoughts the atlas reader can then turn to such solid facts (and maps) as those offered in the British atlases. "The Oxford Economic Atlas of the World" was published to meet the needs of economists, geographers, and other students engaged in trade, industry, or agriculture. As such it is full of commodity maps, showing the principal centers for cereals (including potatoes), fibres (*sic*), rubber and textile manufactures, beverages, and tobacco, sugar, and forest products. In the index are to be found tables of exports and imports of the chief countries involved with each commodity, and in case it worries you the editors have explained that import totals are likely to differ from export totals simply because it takes a while for the former figures to catch up with the latter.

"The Columbus Atlas" contains 160 pages of fully-colored maps and an index of nearly 50,000 place names. It is strongest on maps of the South Sea Islands, the West Indies, and other territories which, according to its editors, have sprung into prominence as a result of air travel. But it is also fond of the egg-shaped Atlantis projection of the world which gives a thoroughly refreshing viewpoint from an egg-shaped dining-room table.



GAZETTEER

"The Macmillan World Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary", edited by T. C. Collocott and J. O. Thorne *(Macmillan. 792 pp. $6.95), is reviewed by Wayne M. Hartwell, Librarian, Editorial Department, F. E. Compton & Company.*

CONSIDERING the speed with which even geographic knowledge changes these days, a real need has arisen for a new gazetteer to supplement the wealth of current at-

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las material. Macmillan, with this publication reflecting careful editing of geographic news through the first half of 1954, has almost completely satisfied that need.

The editors frankly admit that they have made no attempt to include every place in the world. What they have attempted in their selection is a capsule record of every important geographic fact. They have been successful. Their major country descriptions, complete with easily used subdivisions, are admirably concise. The current quality of their information is also impressive; the descriptions of Kitimat, Thule, and Chandigarh serve as excellent examples of their editorial awareness of how much of the news has to be reflected in geographic descriptions.

The inclusion of a wealth of geographical terms in the major alphabet adds to the value of the publication. The definitions of the common terms are more than adequate, while the inclusion of more exotic terms, such as "haboob," "ghibli," and "leste," gives the volume special value.

At least some American users will resent the rather thorough British bias which shows in the selection of material. In close sequence Haddington, Scotland (pop. 5,000), is described in eleven lines, while Hagerstown, Maryland (pop. 36,000), is recorded only as "Mfg tn on Antietam Creek." Haddonfield, N. J. (pop. 10,000), is omitted entirely, while in relation to Hackney the fact that "Hackney Marsh is the biggest playing field in London, with 140 football pitches," is reported. This particularly extraneous bit of information isn't even included in Baedeker's London.

Purists also will object to the slightly casual handling of population figures. They are borrowed from the most recent census reports or reputable estimates and rounded off to the closest thousand. The fact that the exact sources and dates of these figures are not indicated lessens the value of the book. Purists will also object to the collection of thirty pages of "see references" in a secondary alphabet. As always, they would have been considerably more useful if they had been treated as an integral part of the main alphabet.

Despite these puristic complaints, the "Macmillan World Gazetteer" is an attractive addition to a home library and a "must" for the public libraries of the country.

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CHILD CARE

"The Encyclopedia of Child Care and Guidance," edited by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg *(Doubleday. 1016 pp. $7.50), is reviewed below by Harold L. Roth, assistant director, East Orange [N.J.] Public Library and a father of two.*

PEOPLE who have raised their children on the advice found in the pages of Dr. Benjamin Spock's "The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care" (1946) may wonder why it is necessary for another guide to be published paralleling in part the information put forth by Dr. Spock. After a study of "The Encyclopedia of Child Care and Guidance" the reason becomes quite obvious. This is not just a step-by-step guide to handling children. Instead the editor, former director of the Child Study Association of America, and a frequent writer on the problems of raising children, has joined with a prominent Advisory Board to bring out a book which attempts, and quite successfully, to answer the questions "Why do my children act the way they do?" and "What can I do about it?"

This encyclopedia has more than enough information in it to warrant a prominent place on the home reference shelf and in a local library. It represents the latest in the thinking of experts on the best methods of raising children and incorporates that thinking into a 600-page ready reference guide alphabetically arranged. The other third of the book is composed of thirty articles by specialists in the field of Child Care and Guidance including Dr. Spock, Victor D'Amico, Josette Frank, Otto Klineberg, and Margaret Mead. Also included are two lists, one of the agencies in the United States from which more advanced information in particular areas of child care may be obtained, and the other a bibliography of further readings in each area covered.

Articles headed diapers, menstruation, and vomiting are little changed in information from similar articles in other baby books. The great change comes with the inclusion of such matters as rewards, responsibility, popularity, phonograph records, modesty, love, haircuts, and crossing streets.

The child is treated as a social being and all aspects of life which go to make a child a complete person are considered. Family life and the handling of children's fears are analyzed as carefully as are common communicable diseases of childhood.

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Reference Check-List

WHAT follows is a highly selective but representative checklist of reference books published during the past year.

It includes only a few suggestions of books of general information that will be useful in the home library. An encyclopedia is a basic addition to the home reference shelf that every member of the family will enjoy. Leading examples of the multi-volume encyclopedia are the "Americana," the "Britannica," "Collier's," and "Grolier" for adults, and "The Book of Knowledge," "Compton's," and "World Book" for children. Leading examples of one-volume encyclopedias are the "Columbia," the "Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia," and the "Lincoln Library of Essential Information." Each publisher of multi-volume sets publishes an annual year book covering the events of the year in alphabetic subject sequence to keep his work up to date; supplements are issued from time to time to keep the one-volume encyclopedia au courant. Points to bear in mind in buying an encyclopedia are discussed by Evelyn E. Kirkland on page 28.

—EDITH BUSBY.

General Information

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC. 1955. Edited by Dan Goulenpaul. The Macmillan Co. Paperbound, $1. Clothbound, $2.

THE POCKET ALMANAC. 1955. Edited by Dr. George Gallup and others. Pocket Books. Paperbound, 50¢.

THE WORLD ALMANAC AND BOOK OF FACTS. 1955. Edited by Harry Hansen. New York World-Telegram. Paperbound, $1. Clothbound, $1.85. Three one-volume libraries of useful facts, statistics, and general information issued annually.

BASIC EVERYDAY ENCYCLOPEDIA. Random House. 576 pp. $1. De luxe edition, $2.95. A useful, inexpensive home reference book which has basic information in virtually every subject field.

DICTIONARY OF DATES. By C. Arnold-Baker and Anthony Dent. E. P. Dutton & Co. 427 pp. $4.50. Thirty-six thousand dates covering important world events through World War II in alphabetical arrangement for easy reference. Many subject entries such as battles, earthquakes, dates of birth and death of famous artists, scientists, explorers, etc.

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS BOOK OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE. By Lawrence W. Bridge. Funk & Wagnalls. $3. Designed for both the beginner and the expert, the manual presents the techniques of parliamentary procedure step-by-step, with illustrations and applications of the principles involved. A modern, authoritative guide to the proper conduct of all kinds of meetings, large and small, public and private. Women's clubs, convention delegates, corporation officers, church boards, etc.

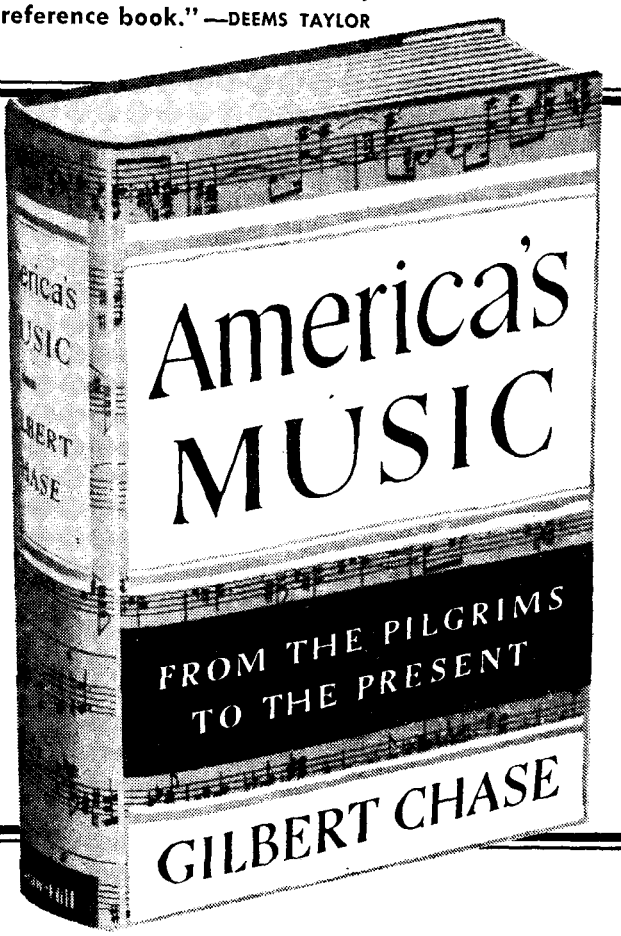
THE MACMILLAN MEDICAL DICTIONARY. Edited by Sir Cecil Wakeley. The Macmillan Co. $6.95. A popular-priced medical dictionary for home reference use with clear definitions of medical, surgical, and psychiatric terms.

THE MACMILLAN WILD FLOWER BOOK. By C. J. Hylander. The Macmillan Co. $15. A beautifully illustrated book which describes 500 flowering plants. A guide chart to flower families is included as an aid to flower identification.

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SPEECHES. Selected and edited by Houston Peterson. Simon & Schuster. $7.50. A comprehensive anthology of famous orations from Moses to Churchill. Each speech is

"Ought to be in every library in the country, and on the shelf of everybody interested in music." —DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

"The most exhaustive and far-reaching chronicle of American music that I have ever seen. Aside from its great readability it should prove an invaluable reference book." —DEEMS TAYLOR



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- ***What are the main currents in our symphonic art music?***
- **What kind of music did the Negroes bring to America from Africa and how did it develop?**

These are some of the questions AMERICA'S MUSIC answers. In three parts (Preparation, Expansion, and Fulfillment) and in thirty-one chapters, Mr. Chase describes and evaluates the vital forces and influences that have made our music. For the layman and scholar alike, this is a work of prime importance and interest. *Foreword by* DOUGLAS MOORE. 733 pages. $8.50 *at all bookstores*

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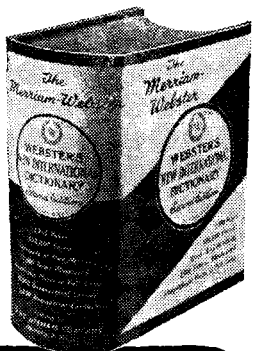

GREATEST VALUE IN THE REALM OF KNOWLEDGE

A Merriam-Webster

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prefaced with its dramatic and biographical setting.

WHO'S WHO. 1954. The Macmillan Co. $17. An annual biographical dictionary, international in scope, of men and women in all the most important fields of endeavor.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA 1954-1955. A. N. Marquis Co. $20.80. More than forty-eight thousand biographical sketches of notable living American men and women.

YEAR 1954. Simon & Schuster. 192 pp. $10. In more than 1,000 photographs, and with 75,000 words of caption and text, the latest edition of Year's Annual Picture Histories provides a permanent record of all the significant worldwide news events and personalities of the past year. Detailed, cross-reference index.

YOUR INCOME TAX, 1955 Edition. By J. K. Lasser. Simon & Schuster. $1.95. New rules, new ideas, new tax breaks and crack-downs affecting every taxpayer's personal and business life. America's most widely used tax guide.

YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY. By J. K. Lasser. Simon & Schuster. $1.95. A clear, concise guide to what to do now to assure maximum Social Security benefits at the time of retirement.

Art and Music

EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. Compiled by Eric Blom. Revised Edition. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. A book for quick reference covering the music of the Western world in the Christian era. Alphabetical listing of composers, performers, definitions of musical terms, and forms, librettists, conductors, compositions, national anthems, biographical sketches of the great personalities in music, history, etc.

HI-FI HANDBOOK: HIGH FIDELITY SOUND SYSTEMS FOR YOUR HOME. By William J. Kendall. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.95. A practical guide for music lovers and homemakers on understanding, evaluating, purchasing, and installing high-fidelity sound systems. Written in non-technical language, the book discusses the theory of sound reproduction, acoustics, speakers, audio amplifiers, radio tuners, record players, tape recorders, and wiring and soldering. Seventeen halftone illustrations, twenty-two diagrams. Indexed.

NEW HIGH FIDELITY HANDBOOK. By Irving Greene and James Radcliffe. Foreword by Deems Taylor. Crown Publishers. $3.95. Two hundred-fifty photographs, diagrams, and plans illustrate basic information on the purchase, instalation, and maintenance of *high-fidelity music systems.*

PICTORIAL TREASURY OF OPERA IN AMERICA. By Daniel Blum. Greenberg Publisher. $10. All the standard operas and many which are infrequently given are presented in 1,500 photographs of scenes and stars, and supplemented with synopses of plots, casts *of the American premieres, premieres at the* Metropolitan, and other statistical data. Index.

RECORD RATINGS. Edited by Kurtz Myers. Crown Publishers. $5. A complete listing of all serious records pressed in the United States with informational data cross-indexed by titles, and *performers.*

Hobbies

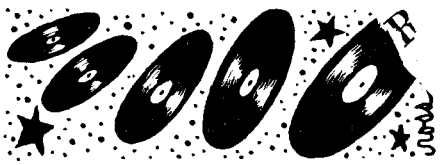
THE CAGE BIRD HANDBOOK. By Bernard Poe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50. The everyday aspects of cage bird care are covered in full detail for parakeet, parrot, macaw, and canary owners.

THE CLUB WOMAN'S BOOK. By Helen M. Avery and Frank M. Nye. Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. A comprehensive guide to club activities with special chapters on public relations, how to deal with organizational and financial problems.

COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS OF THE U. S. A. By Fred Reinfeld. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $4.50. An informative, readable history of the United States, illustrated with over 330 American commemorative stamps, and relating in detail the story behind each stamp.

COMPLETE BOATING HANDBOOK. By Robert Scharff. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. A guide to inland cruising waters, from the Florida coast to the Southwest desert areas, for the week-end sailor. Information on how to buy or build a boat, its maintenance and care, nautical terms, simple navigation and basic rules for safety on the water, with illustrations and an index.

DENHOF'S ENCYCLOPEDIC WORLD-WIDE STAMP ALBUM. By William C. Denhof. Hanover House. $8.95. Most recent issues through the spring of 1954 are added to information on the basic stamps of every country of the world in this definitive album.



Vital information on grills, variations, watermarks, re-engravings, etc., is included plus the Denhof identification guide.

THE DOG DICTIONARY. By Edwin Megargee. World Publishing Co. $3.95. Authentic factual information about every recognized breed of dog in America arranged in alphabetical order, profusely illustrated.

THE DOG OWNER'S HANDBOOK. By H. J. Deutsch and J. J. McCoy. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.95. A compact handbook covering every phase of dog owning and dog care by two chief veterinarian-managers of the Bide-A-Wee Homes in New York and on Long Island. Illustrated.

FIRST-AID FOR PETS. By Dr. Leon Whitney. Vanguard Press. $2.50. Sound advice about the care of pets before the veterinary comes.

FLOWER-SHOW GUIDE. By Anne Wertsner Wood. M. Barrows & Co. $3. Exhibiting, staging, judging, committee duties, etc., described and illustrated for the amateur and the experienced exhibitor.

GARDEN FRIENDS AND FOES. By Richard Headstrom. Ives Washburn. $4. A practical and informative book for the home gardener, dealing with the birds, animals, insects, weeds, and plant diseases that confront him.

GARDENING FOR COLOR. By William H. Clark. Little, Brown & Co. $2.95. How to use contrasts and varieties of color to liven any garden or lawn, large or small, in town or out in the country.

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Appomattox: Epic Surrender

Continued from page 11

the Appomattox River from the courthouse. He was dressed in his finest uniform with his handsomest sword and his sash of red silk. When word came he mounted his famous horse Traveler and rode to the appointed place.

Lee and Marshall arrived before Grant. When the latter hurried in he was still in his mud-spattered field uniform, for he did not wish to keep Lee waiting.

The men had met seventeen years before when both were officers in the Mexican War. The conversation turned to those days, and Grant became so engrossed that Lee had to remind him that they had met to discuss the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Grant thereupon proposed that officers and men who gave their paroles not to take up arms against the United States be allowed to return to their homes.

"This will have a very happy effect on my army," said Lee, as he saw that his men would not be marched off to prison.

Grant then inquired whether Lee had any suggestions and the latter asked if the Confederate cavalrymen and artillerists, all of whom owned the horses they used in the fighting, would be allowed to take their mounts home for the spring plowing. The Union commander readily agreed.

Lee again expressed deep appreciation.

While the terms were being reduced to writing and the acceptance was being drafted Grant introduced various Federal generals who had been standing in the background. Then Lee told Grant that he had about 1,000 Union prisoners for whom he had no rations, since he had none for his own men. The Northern general, thinking that his Southern adversary still commanded some 25,000 effectives (actually much too high a figure), promptly tendered 25,000 rations. The offer was gratefully accepted.

When Lee went out on the porch several Federal officers sprang to their feet and saluted. The Confederate general returned the courtesy. As Lee mounted Traveler, a few moments later, Grant, who was about to mount his own horse, stopped suddenly and took off his hat. The other Union officers followed suit. Lee raised his hat in return, and rode back to tell his soldiers that the war was over.

Word of the meeting with Grant had spread, and when Lee's men saw him riding toward them down the red clay road from the courthouse they crowded in from both sides, anxiously inquiring whether the army had been surrendered. His voice shaking and his eyes filling with tears, Lee told them that the end had come.

Some seemed stunned; others vowed that they would fight on, if he would but say the word. Men who had gone through the smoke and flame of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, who had unflinchingly endured the carnage at Spottsylvania Courthouse, wept openly.

AS LEE moved along the road toward his headquarters officers and men cheered the familiar figure, then fell to weeping when they saw that he was unable to master his feelings.

When Lee finally reached his tent officers and privates pressed toward him, trying to say goodbye. He told them over and over in a trembling voice to go home, plant their crops, and obey the law.

Next day, April 10, Lee's noble "Farewell to the Army of Northern Virginia" was drafted by Colonel Marshall, and after some finishing touches were added by Lee was read to the troops.

Later Lee and Grant had another interview on a hill between the lines, where they chatted amicably for more than half an hour, discussing the paroling of the Confederate soldiers and the future of the South.

On his way back to his headquarters Lee encountered General George G. Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, who had ridden over to pay his respects.

"What are you doing with all that gray in your beard?" Lee asked the hawk-nosed Northerner.

"You have to answer for most of it," said Meade.

Final plans for the paroles and the

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surrender were drawn up on April 11. The following day what was left of the proud Army of Northern Virginia, with General Gordon in the lead, marched up the hill toward Appomattox Courthouse. Just before they reached the village they found two Federal brigades lining the road, with General Joshua L. Chamberlain, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism at Gettysburg, in command.

AS THE Confederates came alongside, the Federals presented arms and the Southerners returned the salute. Division after division stacked its weapons and gave up its bullet-torn battle-flags.

"On our part," said General Chamberlain later, "not a sound or trumpet more, nor roll of drums; not a cheer nor word nor whisper of vainglorying . . . but an awed silence rather, and breath-holding, as if it were the passing of the dead."

General Lee remained in his camp until the ceremony was over. As his weary veterans turned their faces homeward he set out for Richmond. The Union command insisted on furnishing a mounted escort of twenty-five cavalrymen to accompany him on the first few miles of the journey.

Grant had left Appomattox before the Southerners had surrendered their arms and battle-flags. He had not wished to witness the tragic and humiliating end of the magnificent army he had defeated.

He and Lee saw each other once more, in 1869, when the Confederate leader, refusing lucrative offers of every kind, was serving as president of little Washington College at Lexington, Va. Lee called on Grant briefly at the White House to pay his respects.

Grant sought continually, as Lincoln had done before him, "to bind up the nation's wounds." In the early Eighties, long after Lee's death, he contributed $500 toward the erection of the Home for Confederate Soldiers in Richmond, and in 1884, finding it impossible to attend a fair in Richmond to raise additional funds for the home, he wrote the committee in the same magnanimous spirit that he had shown at Appomattox nearly twenty years before:

> I hope your fair may prove a success, and that the object contemplated may receive the support which will give to all the brave men who need it a home and rest from cares. The men who faced each other in deadly conflict can well afford to be the best of friends now, and only strive for rivalry in seeing which can be the best citizens of the grandest country on earth.

Can the Liberal Survive?

Continued from page 22

at present. And, in that case, liberty may again be allowed to have its legitimate sphere.

What will this sphere be? It cannot be quite what is possible for a nomad in an empty land. When Adam and Eve left Paradise, "The world was all before them from where to choose their place of rest."

IN THE modern world this degree of freedom is not possible. The Japanese would like to settle their surplus millions in Papua, and serious limitations of liberty are necessary to prevent this. Such limitations are unavoidable in a populous world. If you possessed the only vehicle in existence, there would be no need of a rule of the road to control you. But the density of modern traffic makes an elaborate code indispensable. In all men's dealings with nature the modern density of population is making control important. It is beginning to be realized that an agriculturist must not be allowed to earn quick temporary profits by denuding the soil. Such interferences with liberty, though they may be innovations, are becoming inevitable.

The most important sphere of liberty in the future must be not in economics, but in the things of the mind. Although most governments think otherwise, it is still desirable that men should be allowed to form their opinions freely, that evidence for unpopular views should not be suppressed, and that propaganda should be free so long as it does not urge violence.

Individual freedom is important not only in matters of opinion but in all creative work in art and science and literature. People who conceive themselves merely as obedient soldiers in an army are not likely to produce anything of value in the realm of culture. Discipline beyond a point is fatal to individual excellence. Goering used to say, "When I hear the word culture I reach for my revolver." This is the natural attitude of disciplinarians, whether Nazi, or Communist, or of brands to which we are accustomed nearer home. Unless individual liberty can be preserved in the cultural sphere, the things that give most value to civilized communities will perish. It should be the problem of political theorists in our time to think out ways by which mental freedom can be combined with economic regulation. I do not pretend that the problem is easy, but I do think it can be solved, and I think the finding of a solution is vitally important for the future of mankind. —BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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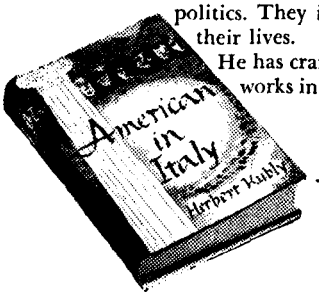

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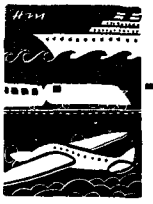

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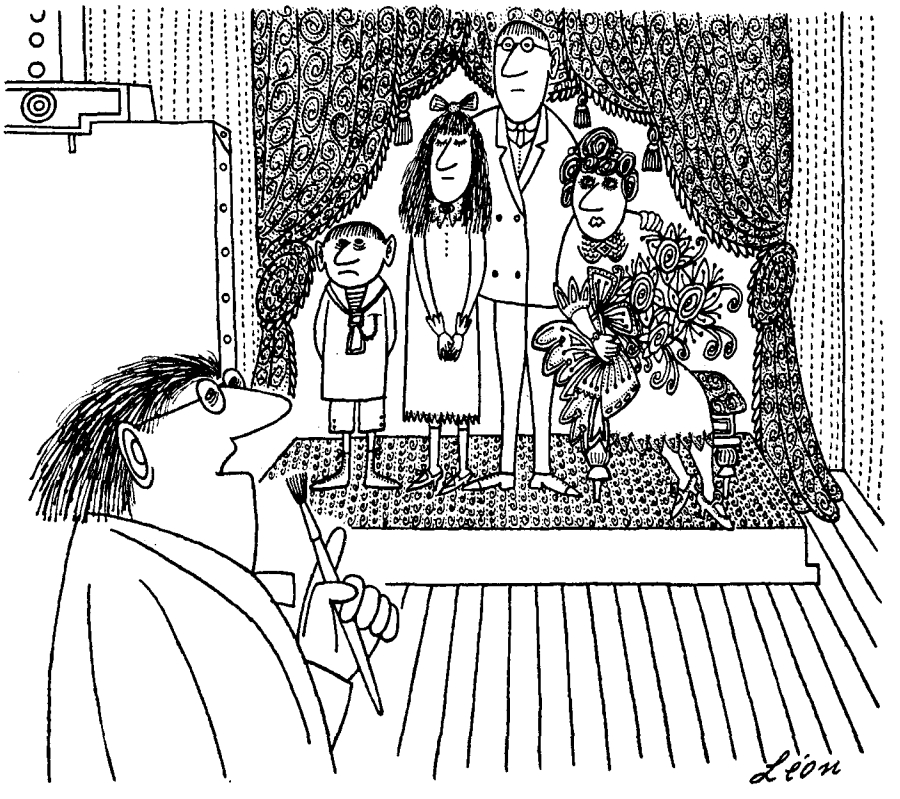
THE OPENING ROAD: Just about five years ago—or, to be exact, in *SR* Feb. 25, 1950—we told the story of five Negroes touring the vaudeville circuit in the Midwest who took to wearing their stage turbans and jabbering in musicians' *patois* whenever they sought entrance to a hotel or restaurant. It made things easier. One of these musicians, William H. Butler, as we recounted back in 1950, gave up his musical career to publish *Travelguide*, a directory of hotels and resorts that would accept Negro travelers. *Travelguide* was then publishing about 50,000 copies a year, and Negroes, with other avenues of expenditure closed to them (we said then) were putting their extra money into expensive clothes and big cars.

Well, here we are five years later and during the course of 1955 Negroes in the U.S. will make about $15 billion, enough to buy all the goods America exports with change left over, and more than all the money made by all the Canadians in booming Canada. With more avenues open now, about 350,000 American Negroes will travel on business or pleasure this year.

To handle the traffic, Mr. Butler has helped to organize King Tours, a travel agency whose business is about 40 per cent Negro. It can send its clients any place in the free world, excepting some of the lands of the Negroes' origin, South Africa and the Congo, for example. But it is currently organizing a hunting safari to West Africa which will offer twenty-eight days of sport, mostly in Nigeria, for about $2,300. It sends tourists on foreign independent excursions all over Europe, puts them up in London at the Piccadilly, in Paris at the Astor, finds they spend from $900 to $1,500 for an excursion abroad. One woman schoolteacher on her sabbatical year spent $1,100 on an eight-weeks' bus tour across the Continent.

This summer King will send out an escorted tour to the 1955 Baptist World Alliance in London. A pre-convention tour departs July 2 and spends twenty-one days in France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and England. It costs $962, including hotel in London for the convention. A post-convention tour pegged at $1,550 will take thirty-two days to cover England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Jordan, and Israel.

Butler's group has also been appointed representatives for the much publicized Moulin Rouge, a so-called interracial hotel being finished on Bonanza Road in Las Vegas. It is costing two and one-half millions and its host and reputed part-owner will be Joe Louis. It's to have 200 rooms, a Lucky Pierre Bar, Champagne Pool, a Café Rouge with Negro chorus girls, a gambling casino, and a French chef.



"Keep smiling."

FAMILY WAY: Well, it's all not settled yet, but a fight is on among the airlines to set up a family-fare plan to Europe. Under the proposal the head of a family, presumably papa, buying a full-fare ticket, either first-class or tourist, will be able to cart along mother at half of the full fare, and the children at half of the fare they would have had to pay at normal rates.

To forestall a family rush at the wickets, I had better tell you that if passed by a concurrence of the lines, this scheme is figured strictly as an off-season gambit to fill the vacant chairs flying back and forth across the seas during the winter months. There is plenty of business in summer the way rates stand now, and the word is that you will have a tough time as of this date picking just the flight, line, and time during the approaching big crush.

So, whereas domestic family-fare plans operate on an off-day basis, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the overseas plan will be in effect during November 1 to March 31. Taking a theoretical family of three children, one under two, one between two and twelve, and a third between thirteen and twenty-one *en route* to London and back tourist-class, the bite father will have to contend with shapes up like this:

	PRESENT TOURIST FARE	PROPOSED FAMILY FARE
Father	$425	$425
Mother	$425	$213
Teenager	$425	$213
Child under twelve	$213	$106
Child under two	$43	0
Roundtrip to London	$1,531	$957

The saving is substantial in tourist-class, and the same *menage* traveling first-class would save $832 by taking a plane together in the off-season. The airline thinking behind the idea is that father, traveling on business during the off-season, with

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his own expenses paid by his company, would be encouraged to take along the wife and children. According to some airline executives who have been exploring the scheme at its most sensitive points, schools will encourage parents to take children to Europe during the school term because such an excursion is construed as an immense educational asset. Well, it may be, but I don't recall that being the educators' attitude during the years of my enrolment. A point to consider, however, is that the prescribed airline "off-season" from November 1 to March 31 does indeed include the Christmas vacation, the mid-year hiatus in some temples of learning, and could conceivably take in an early Easter lay-off.

If family fares to Europe become a reality, it is going to demand some revised thinking in accommodations abroad. Bouncing around the Continent has hitherto been sophisticated business with virtually no provisions for youngsters. The attitude in the States has taken a sharp turn in recent years, and resorts which once barred children and dogs, categorically, are changing plan and policy to meet the trend. Even the flashiest establishments, the Fontainebleau and the Golden Gate in Miami Beach and La Coquille in Palm Beach, to mention merely a few, have gone out of their way to provide special facilities for the half-pints. Railroads have special menus; airlines carry a supply

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 612

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of juvenile literature. And for the first time this winter a Bahamas-bound cruise ship offered special family fares during January. Well, untie the apron strings, mother. It looks as if they're going to let you out of the kitchen. —HORACE SUTTON.

Travelers' Tales

GUIDES RE-GEARED: Now you can toss out your beaten-up copies of two hitherto well-known travel books. For David Dodge's **"The Poor Man's Guide to Europe"** (Random House, $3.50) and Harvey S. Olson's **"Aboard and Abroad"** (Harved Publishing Co., $4.95) have both been reissued in bright new 1955 editions. In the first of these Mr. Dodge—a man of whom you would hardly suspect that he can now afford to travel like a rich man—has stuck pretty closely to his 1953 original edition and to his corner-cutting instructions on how to find bargains abroad. Some of Mr. Dodge's dodges: Did you know that you can finance an entire European tour for nothing down with two years to pay? That British hotel breakfasts (the best meal of the day) go with the room? That many European plane fares are now as inexpensive as second-class train fares? In "Aboard and Abroad" Mr. Olson, who previously has kept his book exclusive to those persons availing themselves of the services of *his* European tour companies, has let down the bars and admitted anybody. In the book one can find a starry-eyed account of the advantages of traveling on a conducted tour, together with suggested itineraries for first and second—and more—trips and a great deal of homey advice on the comforts of traveling. For one thing, Mr. Olson is against traveling with new shoes or good luggage; nevertheless, he is all for having tea at the Ritz. He also offers translations of the items to be found on a French menu and he makes it clear that the black market is a thing of the past.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

RED-TAPE MADE EASY: Richard Joseph and Muriel Richter have come out with a handy little pocketbook entitled **"Worldwide Travel Regulations Made Easy"** (Doubleday, $1.50), which, among other things, is the easiest of the lot to carry around with you and which is full of such practical advice as how to travel with children, the financial and political intricacies of buying an automobile abroad, and exchange rates for every country. As an added fillip, there are also some tips on how to bring the loot you collect home with the least financial (and political) trouble. —J. H.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

ALL THE BEST IN EUROPE. By Sydney Clark. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.95. Mr. Clark, who has written sixteen "All the Best" travel books, many of them about individual countries in Europe, here offers a long-playing version.

AMERICAN INDIAN AND WHITE CHILDREN. By Robert J. Havighurst and Bernice I. Neugarten. University of Chicago Press. $5. The first complete report on a cross-cultural study of moral and emotional development among children from six American Indian tribes, among them the Papago, Hopi, Zuni, and Zia, and among seven hundred typical white children from a typical Midwestern town.

APOLLINAIRE. By Marcel Adéma. Translated by Denise Folliot. Grove Press. $3.75. A definitive biography of one of the most important French poets of the first quarter of the twentieth century, together with some side excursions into cubism, surrealism, and other matters with which Apollinaire was concerned.

THE BOY SCOUT STORY. By Will Oursler. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A steady hike through the organizational history of the Boy Scouts of America by the author of "Father Flanagan of Boy's Town."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By William Sloane. Columbia University Press. $5. A treatise on early juvenile literature—the "Little Pretty Pocket Book" was not the first—and including a checklist of some long titles (and descriptions of them) for little children of the era.

CONCISE DICTIONARY OF ANCIENT HISTORY. Edited by P. G. Woodcock. Philosophical Library. $6. A tight little reference handbook cataloguing the names and events of ancient history for those who have forgotten them.

DOCTOR'S LEGACY. By Laurence Farmer M.D. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A collection of letters about doctoring by some famous doctors, including among them Doctors Jenner, Lister, Koch, Freud, and also Doctors Oliver ("The Deserted Village") Goldsmith, and Anton ("The Cherry Orchard") Chekhov.

THE EVOLUTION OF DIPLOMATIC METHOD. By Harold Nicolson. Macmillan Co. $2.25. A history of the striped-trouser art, from Greek to modern times. Being the Chichele Lectures delivered at Oxford in November 1953.

THE FEDERAL TAX SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES. By Joseph P. Crockett. Columbia University Press. $4.75. A survey of the law and the administration which goes into the Internal Revenue Service, all philosophically done.

FREEDOM *LIMITED.* An Essay on Democracy. By Marten Hoor. University of Alabama Press. $3.50. The author answers his own question of "Why do I believe in democracy?" and gives some calm and confident opinions on why he thinks our form of government will last.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY: The Most Celebrated Short Stories in the English Language. Edited by Van H. Cartwell and Charles Grayson. Dial Press. $6. This collection goes on the assumption that old friends are best friends. Some of the friends included: "The Devil and Daniel Webster," "I'm A Fool," "A Rose for Emily," "The Gift of the Magi," "To Build A Fire," and various others by some friendly old writers.

HOW TO KNOW THE MINERALS AND ROCKS. By Richard M. Pearl. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. How to fill an already over-stuffed apartment with a first-rate collection of rocks and minerals. More than 125 are described and analyzed, and the book is copiously illustrated.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE LEVANT. By Herman Melville. Edited by Howard C. Horsford. Princeton Univ. Press. $5. A daily diary of the trip Melville took shortly after a series of nervous breakdowns in 1856 and 1857, and from which much of the long philosophical-narrative poem "Clarel" originated.

JUNGLE QUEST. By Edward M. Weyer Jr. Harper & Bros. $3.75. Mr. Weyer, having got the backing of the Explorer's Club and the American Museum of Natural History, took off on a one-man expedition into the Mato Grosso and found Orlando Vilas Boas, a man who controls an Indian area the size of New England and of whom Mr. Weyer writes.

KINGDOM OF DIAGONALS. By Kenneth Slade Alling. Indiana University Press. $2.75. A collection of poems, by an American poet, many of which deal with the creatures and shadows of the natural world.

LEIBNIZ. By Ruth Lydia Saw. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 65¢. An analysis of the philosophical system of Gottfried Leibniz, the seventeenth-century German thinker.

THE LIBERAL TRADITION IN AMERICA. By Louis Hartz. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.75. Some scholarly thoughts about the American attitude toward freedom, all taking off from Professor Hartz's basic question: "Can a people that is born free ever understand peoples elsewhere who have to become so?"

THE LOST VILLAGES OF ENGLAND. By Maurice Beresford. Philosophical Library. $12. There are, scattered among the surviving villages of England, several sweet Auburns which have disappeared in the last six hundred years or so. Mr. Beresford has located these and described the occasion of their depopulation and the character of those who destroyed them.

MARITAL BLITZ. By Stanley and Janice Berenstain. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.95. A husband-and-wife team of cartoonists have made the most of their domestic trials together.

OKLAHOMA RUN. By Alberta Wilson Constant. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. Candy pulls, hard times, and proximity to nineteenth-century Indians, all done up in some calicoes which have gone to the wash several times.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON. By A. W. Schorger. University of Wisconsin Press. $7.50. A host of facts about the maligned bird which, among other things, was unfortunate enough to become extinct in 1914 and which inadvertently gave rise to the expression "stool pigeon."

THE PREHISTORY OF EAST AFRICA. By Sonia Cole. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 65¢. A study of the earliest human history of Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, the Sommalilands, Abyssinia, and the Sudan. Illustrated with photographs, maps, and drawings.

THE SEASON OF FLESH. By Byron Herbert Reece. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. Some verses and lyrics from a poet who is best known for his ballads, two of them here included being "Jonathan in Jeopardy" and "As Mary Was Awalking."

THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF INDUSTRY. By J. A. C. Brown. Penguin Books. Paperbound, 65¢. A reevaluation of man and his status as a part of modern industry.

THE TRAGIC SATIRE OF JOHN WEBSTER. By Travis Bogard. University of California Press. $3.50. A dedicated inquiry into the views and techniques of the man who wrote "The Duchess of Malfi," together with some scholarly opinions on his ability to combine tragedy with satire.

THE URBAN SOUTH. Edited by Rupert B. Vance and Nicholas J. Demerath. University of North Carolina Press. $5. In the last two decades the South's urban population has climbed from one-third to one-half the region's total. This book examines the results of this change in the last major agrarian section of the U.S.

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE POETRY. By Lewis Carroll. The Macmillan Co. $2.50. A Christmas opiate for Dodgson addicts, this volume contains sixteen poems by Carroll, composed when he was thirteen years old and was starting the first of several family magazines he was to edit.

WRONG PASSPORT. By Ralph Brewster. British Book Centre. $3.50. All about Mr. Brewster, who among other things had astrological leanings, and of how these and other influences helped him during the war when he got caught in Budapest for quite a time and took, among other things, to looking up the stars for German officers. With an epilogue by a friend, due to the fact that Mr. Brewster died before he could finish his final chapter.

—J. H.

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Business

Continued from page 20

stick for another when attempting to gauge the attitude and preferences of America's habit-changing families. W. F. Ogburn and M. F. Nimkoff's study of **"Technology and the Changing Family"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) contributes to an understanding of the causes which encourage change. Although the study is mapped out along sociological lines, visualizing the family as the hub of a wheel whose spokes signify lines of influence, it presents many elements that indicate significant economic constants. Take, for example, the American Can Company statistics which note that the "average person in the United States opened about 200 cans a year in 1950 compared with twenty-five in 1900." Multiply this by numerous similar facts chosen by Ogburn and Nimkoff and a long-run pattern emerges: saving of money is outweighed by saving of *time*. The ability to make a choice between time or money has been made possible by technology and the resultant rise of earning power for members of family units, such as working wives.

The degree to which the family veers away from what might loosely be called economic production—cooking, decorating, sewing, marketing, and others—proportionately increases the demands made upon outside economic products and services. Not only are technological impacts discussed in terms of living standards but also through such themes as the impetus they gave to romantic attitudes as economic urgency abated. It is a compliment to the authors to observe that there is little they have overlooked in thoroughly placing all phases of family life in relation to economics. —S. M.

RESOURCES AND DANGERS: Sixteen hundred resource experts from every imaginable field recently pooled their collective knowledge at the Mid-Century Conference on Resources for the Future. Discussion roamed far and wide but centered around several main subjects: the use of land, land resources, water resources, non-fuel minerals, energy, world resources, and problems in research. By way of a complete report Henry Jarrett has edited **"The Nation Looks at Its Resources"** (Resources for the Future, Inc., Washington, $5), a symposium representing many different viewpoints. Primary bones of contention, such as how to deal with resource-draining world population increase, are given minute attention. Other issues that arouse disagreements are whether to concentrate on population problems or relieve the pressure by pushing technology or handle population-resource difficulties as they specifically arise; still others are whether to allow short-range exploitation or adopt long-range preservation in planning for resources like timber, oil, and ores. One consideration upon which there was agreement is the "mounting pressure on our natural resources" exerted by our materialistic civilization. Since business and the general economy are profoundly affected by policies relating to resources, the service rendered by this conference in bringing together facts and figures for planners and the public deserves a large vote of thanks. —S. M.

Urgent Spring

By Jesse Stuart

EARTH'S barren face was restless everywhere
On slopes from valley to the high hill's crown
Until white thread-roots were massaged with care
By gentle rains the heavens had sent down.
Hard kernels fallen from the last year's trees
Awakened to new life with root and leaf
Since autumn winds had covered them with leaves
Where they could hie away from winter grief.
Earth was awakened by a stirring strife,
Mayapple's breaking through the leaf-crust mold,
Percoon's soft dreaming of a new spring life,
Wild iris's kissing winds with lips of gold.
Earth has arisen from this restless sleep
And gaily dressed to meet the urgent spring;
In silver streamlets happy minnows leap
And on green boughs the wild birds meet and sing.

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Books for Young People

—"Lonesome Boy."

THE EAGERLY awaited announcement of the Newbery and Caldecott award winners was made last week in the office of Frederic Melcher, donor of the medals, by Miss Jane Darrah, Supervisor of Children's Work, Youngstown (Ohio) Public Library, and chairman of the Newbery-Caldecott award committee of the Children's Library Association. The Newbery medal "for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" was given to Meindert DeJong for "The Wheel on the School" (Harper) and the Caldecott medal "for the most distinguished American picture book for children" was given to Marcia Brown for her illustrations for "Cinderella" (Scribner).

Runners-up for the Newbery medal were Alice Dalgliesh for her "Courage of Sarah Noble" (Scribner) and James R. Ullman for his "Banner in the Sky" (Lippincott). Runners-up for the Caldecott medal were Marguerite DeAngeli for her illustrations for "Book of Nursery and Mother Goose Rhymes" (Doubleday), Tibor Gergely for his illustrations for Margaret Wise Brown's "Wheel on the Chimney" (Lippincott), and Helen Sewell for her illustrations for Alice Dalgliesh's "Thanksgiving Story" (Scribner).

Contributors to this issue include Augusta Baker, Supervisor of Storytelling, The New York Public Library; Leone Garvey, Supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Public Library, Berkeley, California, and lecturer, School of Librarianship, University of California; Marjorie Halderman, Supervisor, Public School Libraries and Librarian, Astoria (Oregon) High School; Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; and Nance O'Neall, Librarian, Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, California.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Supervisor, Children's Services, New York Public Library.*

JUNKET. *By Anne H. White. Illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking Press.* $2.75. When the McDonegal family bought the Jellicot farm Mr. McDonegal, who didn't like animals, stipulated that Pollyanna the pony, Clarissa the immense pink pig, Dorinda the cow, Miss Milliken the cat, the hens, and the geese must go—which just shows how little they knew about living in the country. Nor did they know about Junket, the airedale with a passion for keeping things "just so." It became Junket's self-imposed duty —and pleasure—to teach these city folk some of the ways of the country. In one humorous episode after another he rounded up the animals and, with their help and considerable assistance from the three McDonegal children, convinced the father that animals are at least "suitable on a farm."

Robert McCloskey's black-and-white illustrations have the same wonderful humor as Mrs. White's story. Together they have fashioned a book filled with real people, beguiling animals, and outdoor living.

—F. L. S.

LONESOME BOY. *By Arna Bontemps. Illustrated by Feliks Topolski. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $2. This is a most unusual story, reminiscent of Ruth Sawyer's "Fiddler, Play Fast, Play Faster." Bubber, a young boy of the New Orleans country, played his lonesome heart out on his silver trumpet. There were fast notes and slow notes, blue notes and gay notes, notes to the stars and the moon and the heavens. Grandpa, an old trumpet player himself, told Bubber, "You better mind, Son, how you blow that horn . . . You can end up in some funny places when you're just blowing a horn and not paying attention." Bubber disregarded Grandpa's advice until he was hired to play at a strange party where the host might well have been the Devil himself and the guests disguised demons.

Arna Bontemps has put into this haunting story a poet's feeling for words and images. Feliks Topolski, a Polish artist, has used free-line drawings which are as unusual as the text. The product of these two artists is a slim volume for the sensitive, perceptive child and adult.

—Augusta Baker.

BILL BERGSON LIVES DANGEROUSLY. *By Astrid Lindgren. Translated from the Swedish by Herbert Antoine. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking Press.* $2.50. The "Master Detective" is back again with his dauntless partners, Eva-Lotta and Anders, waging the famous (but not original) War of the Roses and participating inadvertently in the capture of a murderer.

Fourteen-year-old Bill Bergson still basks occasionally in a dream world where he "master-minds" the apprehension of criminals. In the light of day, however, he prefers to pursue the strenuous activities of youth and leave the solution of a local murder to the police. Fortunately for young readers, the imaginative antics of these resourceful children lead them across the path of a murderer-at-large and into a pretty desperate situation from which Bill Bergson's quick-wittedness extricates them just in the nick of time.

Bill has become a real hero to Swedish children. The fact that he and his playmates at fourteen are still engaging in games rather infantile for American teenagers will doubtless not interfere with the enjoyment of young readers in this country. —Alice Brooks McGuire.

AMIKUK. *By Rutherford G. Montgomery. Illustrated by Marie Nonnast. World Publishing Co.* $2.75. This story of a family of sea otters living in the dark, storm-tossed seas and along the reefs and cliffs of the Aleutian Islands, has a believably happy ending. Until the time of the Government instalations in Alaska during World War II the sea otters were destined for complete extinction. They are now protected. Gentle, playful, affectionate, and devoted in family life, the sea otter is strong enough and clever enough to defend himself against most of his natural enemies. But against man, the hunter, he has no defense. The otters in this tale are fortunate to have a friend and protector in Peter the Aleut boy. In spite of Government restrictions the older natives and hunters feel that the sea otters are rightfully theirs to hunt and kill.

Although Amikuk and Ato, the young female, know nothing of his interest in them, it is through Peter's efforts and scheming in their behalf that they are allowed to survive and swim off together to a distant rocky ledge where the marvelous cycle of life begins anew. Other animals and

—*By Robert McCloskey, for "Junket."*

". . . real people, beguiling animals."

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birds who live in the waters of this cold and desolate region known as the breeding place of storms enter the story and play a part in some of its most dramatic moments. Partly because it is not as well written and partly because of the time in which the story is placed this is not so poignantly moving a story as "The Last of the Sea Otters," by Harold McCracken. Nor is it so handsomely illustrated. However the McCracken book is out of print and a story about these engaging creatures is most welcome. —LEONE GARVEY.

THE SWANS OF WILLOW POND. *By Olive L. Earle. Morrow.* $2. This attractive book describes in picture and story the life of the wild swan from birth to maturity. Of particular interest to young people are the accurate and detailed explanations of the family life of these great birds; their feeding habits, protection of the young; the angry battles with rivals over mates. The reader follows the activities of the oldest cygnet, who, more adventurous than his brothers and sisters, wanders in and out of trouble during his first year while he is anxiously guarded by his parents and occasionally rescued from disaster. Miss Earle's facts are accurate as are her drawings, which appear on each page. Her swans are shown as they are in real life, beautiful but fierce and unfriendly.

Here is another book which follows the tradition of excellence in style and authenticity set by this author in "Birds and Their Nests." It is a book which will be welcomed by librarians and teachers, as well as elementary schoolchildren who seek information about swans and their habitat.

—MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

WALT DISNEY'S LIVING DESERT. *By Jane Werner and the staff of the Walt Disney Studio. Based on the film narration by James Algar, Winston Hibler, and Ted Sears. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. To most of us crossing the Southwest by fast car or train the desert is a mighty expanse of scrub and waste, home of magnificent clouds and sunsets, inhabited by jack rabbits and something called a Gila monster, which may be viewed at the "Last Chance" service station. Walt Disney proved otherwise in his absorbing motion-picture "The Living Desert." This book, snipped from the film of the same name, recounts the savagery of the fight for survival as well as the beauty of the desert spring. The uninitiated will find better reading here than will the student, since there is more surface covered than depth revealed. The episodic quality of the text is probably due to its film origin. Color pictures, better when showing animal life than scenery, seemed more natural on the screen than in the book. In junior and senior high schools this book will undoubtedly be borrowed by those needing collateral science reading. Several short dictionary lists recording desert terms and place names take the place of an index.

—NANCE O'NEALL.

FIND THE CONSTELLATIONS. *By H. A. Rey. Houghton Mifflin.* $3. Drawing on the material and techniques used in his adult book, "The Stars: A New Way to See Them," H. A. Rey, well-known artist-author, now attempts to simplify the vast and bewildering canopy of the heavens so that children can become familiar with the intricacies of its pattern.

First clusters of stars are given as they appear in the sky, accompanied by the same group, lined in to show the figures suggested by the name of the constellation. A minimum of simple text gives basic information about each constellation. The material centers around four seasonal sky views which plot the position of the constellations throughout the year.

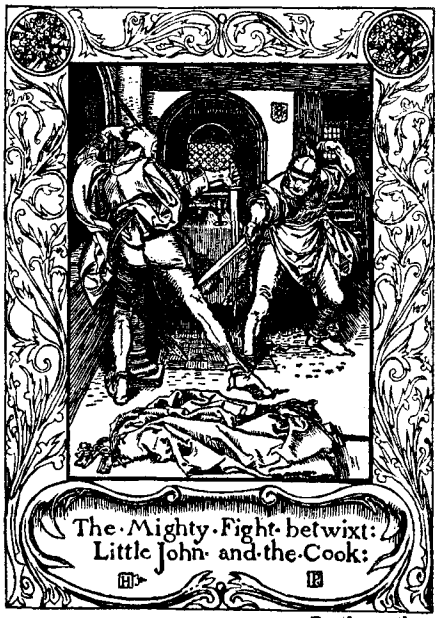
This is an excellent book which should supply many fascinating hours for the embryonic astronomer if he is sufficiently blessed with that quality with which Mr. Rey has imbued his most popular hero, "Curious George." It is too bad that its book jacket does not open out into the wonderful sky chart that we found on his adult book about the stars.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

Hardy Perennial

ENGLAND was weak and troubled when Robin Hood was cuffing knaves. The Normans were lords of all the land, and if a Saxon even shot a plover he was declared an outlaw, called a "wolf's head," and made legal prey for any arrow-happy blade. Such from youth were the stalwart Greenwood hero and his Merry Men of Sherwood Forest. And for more than 600 years his soak-the-rich forays were sung and feted by the peasants, who revered his day above any saint's. No ballad describes his childhood, and most early rhymes begin with the Little John encounter, when he was well into his prime. Many scholars deny that Robin Hood existed, because medieval histories never mentioned him. Though he is supposed to have been born at Locksley in Nottinghamshire in 1160, and tradition says he died in 1274, the first written reference to his songs is in the poem "Piers Plowman," c. 1362. However, those who maintain he was more than just an underdog creation mark that Robin's bouts with mercenary bishops probably provoked a snubbing by the monkish quills that chronicled those times. Some think he was a Saxon yeoman, others that he was a Norman noble—the Earl of Huntington, no less. Anyway, Robin Hood was always champion to the poor and never brooked a smirch on any lady. His chief exploits were during the reigns of Richard the Lion-Hearted and cruel King John, and there are some forty ballads praising them. In 1883 Scribner's published in this country "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. A schoolroom text of rather dreary format, it was repeatedly reprinted until the plates were blurred and worn. No one knew what had become of the original illustrations until by chance a son of the late Charles Scribner happened on them in an old portfolio, as fresh as the day that they were drawn. And so in 1946 the firm got out a trade edition. Now —hoping that a less expensive volume will bring the book within the purchase of more people—they have released "Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" at $2.50. It contains the selections that were most popular with Howard Pyle and the many children who wrote to him about them.

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.



—By the author

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Fiction

Continued from page 17

Polynesian girl. Both castle and maiden fit into the boy's South Sea reveries. A romantic idyll ensues between a little boy who doesn't know where babies come from and a little girl who does. Disaster of some kind is inevitable, but not until Jeremy's elders have abetted some fairly sticky make-believe. —MARTIN LEVIN.

ALSO NOTED: The object of Ann Birstein's examination in **"The Troublemaker"** (Dodd, Mead, $3) is Cookie Morris, a little malcontent in the throes of the usual adolescent miseries. Cookie is not en rapport with her Yiddishe mama, adores her dashing papa, hates her sister Rhoda, and is in love with a boy named Arthur. Although Miss Birstein has a nice ear for dialogue, and occasionally illuminates the bleak surroundings with a flash of wit, she regards Cookie and her circle with such clinical detachment that the reader can't work up much enthusiasm either.

"The Autumn's Brightness," by Daisy Newman (Macmillan, $3.50), is all about a Quaker lady of fifty-two who finds her heart's desire on the Third Avenue El. Dilly Fuller comes to the Big Town to visit her sophisticated cousin, and the girls have as much fun as two fleas marooned on a yak. Nevertheless, Dilly feels homesick for the country—that is until she meets Durand Smith, a gentle soul with a new formula for dog biscuits and a penchant for riding the elevated. Then things really begin to pop, yes siree!

A girls' college in the Twenties is the backdrop for **"Walk in Beauty,"** by Grace Jamison Breckling (Scribner, $3.50). Mrs. Breckling's cozy seminary is filled with stock academic characters roasting old chestnuts, but the author's perspective on the old school is far from sentimental. Even the election of a May Queen is crooked. The steaming atmosphere is brought to a melodramatic boil by a neurotic rivalry between two Southern half-sisters.

Margaret Culkin Banning's **"The Dowry"** (Harper, $3.50) gauges the impact of a wife's career on a husband's ego. Stephen Ryland is a rising young lawyer-politician whose wife's interior decorating business supplies the bulk of the family cash. From separate bedrooms the Rylands drift to separate domiciles, and (with the help of the inevitable Other Woman) to imminent divorce. There is a lot of dreary debating in Mrs. Banning's latest, none of which makes the Rylands' problem more vivid or soluble.

Josephine Lawrence usually succeeds in dramatizing some mundane problem—but her nineteenth novel lacks the earmarks of some of her better efforts. In **"The Gates of Living"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) the two marriageable daughters of a divorcee react to their mother's bitterness by going to opposite extremes. One girl takes refuge from marriage in a compulsive do-goodism; the other selects a husband with less care than she would devote to buying a girdle. Neither course is very credible, because Miss Lawrence, unlike her usual wont, never makes more of her characters than the extension of a dilemma. —MARTIN LEVIN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE DEVIL HIS DUE *William O'Farrell* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Unpleasant NY cadger makes life miserable for young tycoon, others; cops enter late.	Characters on stockish side; virtue takes bad beating; boy gets girl.	Medium plus
THE SLEEPER *Holly Roth* (S&S: $2.50)	NY writer, working on treason yarn, finds reader interest rough, tough.	FBI and Army take hand as code puzzle pops up; lady also problem.	Nice job
THE MASK OF ALEXANDER *Martha Albrand* (Random: $3)	Paris couturier and Yank gal center of cloak-dagger free-for-all that includes Venice jaunt.	Nice travelogue; familiar props, including models, love interest.	Glossy-paper number
LOVE CAN BE DANGEROUS *Octavius Roy Cohen* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Swank LA hostel, center of homicidal activity, draws cop into emotional binge.	Dope, gems, comely dames abound; assembly-line plot and treatment.	Not too lively
BONES IN THE BARROW *Josephine Bell* (Macmillan: $2.50	London train passenger spots trackside murder; Yard and nice amateur start from scratch.	High IQ stuff, with credible cast, good detection, fast action. —SERGEANT CUFF.	A-1

Our Times

Continued from page 15

in Soviet notes a few months after Maclean's disappearance.

Whether we will ever know more about the work of the two missing diplomats behind the Iron Curtain is rather questionable, unless they should some day figure in a spectacular trial as "Western spies" *à la* brothers Field.

Skipper Skipped

CAPTAIN FROM THE *BATORY*: Captain Jan Cwiklinski is the former captain of the Polish liner *Batory,* who in June 1953 walked quickly down the gangplank, rode with an English friend to Newcastle, took a few confusing turns around corners, hopped a taxi to York, an express train to London, and a local before arriving there. Then he hid with friends until the *Batory* left, after which he turned himself over for political asylum.

Captain Cwiklinski—with the expert assistance of Hawthorne Daniel—tells this and the remainder of his life story in **"The Captain Leaves His Ship"** (Doubleday, $4)—and quite a story it is! The author was a young ship's captain in the Polish merchant marine before the war, got trapped in Holland during, and after tried for seven years to reconcile devotion to the old Poland, love of the sea, and service for his new Communist masters. It couldn't be done, and in telling why he shows with clarity how the Commies work, for the *Batory* with its several hundred crew members could be a country in microcosm. Using the lean, distinguished-looking captain as a front, the Communists set out to win the crew and use the big ship for world good-will, as well as financial, purposes. First a cultural officer was put aboard, then a minor press officer, and not unexpectedly the press officer turned out to be the real commissar. "No honest, unsuspicious mind is capable of guessing the unplumbed depths to which Communists can sink, or of following the crooked, dirty pathways they are willing to travel," concludes the Captain, whose every move was watched and reported on for years. His decline began when Gerhard Eisler stowed away in New York. From then on it was a matter of time, and when a member of his crew whispered that he was next to be tortured, forced to confess to espionage, then executed, the Captain decided to leave his ship, though it meant leaving his family in Poland. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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Looking Through the Past to the Future

Continued from page 10

sidearms. Nevertheless, I proceeded to address the successors of Bismarck and Clausewitz on the theme that war as an instrument of national policy was outmoded and would never again be a calculable risk of highly-developed nations, because of the rise of modern science, making a world that was interdependent in war as well as in peace.

As I looked into the faces in front of me I was particularly struck with the bearing of one of the generals in the second row, who seemed to register growing impatience. Two days later I lunched with him. He was General Groener, later Minister of War, regarded by military historians as a greater strategist than Ludendorff, whom he succeeded, and the man who, more than any other, provided for the continuing role of the General Staff in the Weimar Republic. I asked him frankly if he disagreed with my thesis, and he laughingly replied that he was bothered by it because he had written an article for a military periodical along the same lines.

With this approval from one of the highest military authorities in Europe, it seemed to me that something should be done about it, to put the conclusions of the "War History" to practical use. It would not have been politically wise to say more in Berlin. But, on the suggestion of Albert Thomas, the director of the ILO, whom I saw in Geneva, he and I went to see Briand at the Quai d'Orsay, to find out what he might think of it all. The result was his request to me to formulate a proposal to renounce war as an instrument of national-policy—the phrase should be hyphenated—by those nations which really believe in such commitments as the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Treaties of Locarno. The proposal came to Washington as a salute on the tenth anniversary of the entry of the United States into the World War, April 6, 1917. But there was no understanding in Washington of the thought that underlay Briand's offer. Secretary Kellogg, under the influence of Borah, a well-meaning Senator but one of limited intelligence, insisted on having a pact that would outlaw all war, yet reserve the right of defense and not define what was being reserved. I had the unhappy task of attacking this confused and self-contradictory concept in a series of ten articles on the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune*. Finally, however, the pact was signed and I supported it, insisting that it must be clarified in practice. Later on Kellogg came to my point of view that the Pact should be regarded as a general statement of principles and the application worked out in terms of Briand's formula. But the world took the document as a whole and regarded it as an utterly unreal flight into visionary idealism.

I have been too long on these more or less personal reminiscences, but even so I must not leave out of the story such a dramatic incident as the expedition of our American committee of General Tasker Bliss, David Hunter Miller, and myself to Geneva in 1924 in connection with the drafting of the Protocol of Geneva, that high-water mark in the history of the League of Nations which outlawed wars of aggression and accepted our definition of aggression as resort to war in violation of the obligation to take the case to court. In that connection there is one incident which never got into history. I had organized a committee in Germany, as well as our own American committee, to support the movement for the Protocol, and after the British had rejected it this German committee continued to work under the direction of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, with whom I had been in constant contact. One member of it was Konrad Adenauer. The British had objected to the Protocol on the ground that it held the signatory governments to a general commitment difficult to fulfil in unforeseen circumstances; so the German committee drafted the blueprint for the Treaty of Locarno, and Dr. Gauss, the Under Secretary of the German Foreign Office, took the text to London. Article 5 of Locarno, the heart of the treaty, repeats the test of aggression which we took to Geneva: "If one of the signatories refuses to submit a dispute to peaceful settlement or to comply with an arbitral or judicial decision" and goes to war instead, it shall have committed an act of aggression. It was this guarantee of peace between France and Germany which Briand had chiefly in mind in his drafting of the offer to Washington.

IT IS now beginning to be clear, after World War II, that Western Europe is at last on the way to realize the lessons of World War I as set down in the Protocol and Locarno. The way is long and has many turnings; the danger is that against which President Eisenhower and Sir Winston have recently warned, the sudden conspirational act of militarists.

—*John Resko.*

". . . the way is long."

But the strength of the peace movement in Europe today can be measured by the fact that the one continuing propaganda of the Communists to win public opinion is an appeal to peace. I never shared the despondency of those who regretted the refusal of France to accept EDC. The European Defense Community was a noble concept. But it called for a renunciation of national armies and the creation of a European defense force before the consciousness of European citizenship had sufficiently developed. Such a revolutionary change in the most sensitive organ of government, that dealing with national security, needed a political force behind it which—while it is bound to come in the future—is at yet too weak to overcome the deep resentments and suspicions caused by the most dreadful war in history. All thoughtful Europeans are aware of the need for greater unity but—outside of Switzerland—they have little experience in the great American experiment of federalism, the drift of history having been towards closer centralization within the nations. Thus, the political basis for a United Western Europe is incomplete. To remedy the situation, the Movement of European Unity was begun shortly after World War II, led by the foreign Ministers of France, Italy, and Belgium—Schuman, Sforza, and Spaak. The most eloquent advocate of it was one who later found it impossible to join, Sir Winston Churchill.

How was it that M. Herriot, with as European an outlook as Churchill, could, in his venerable old age, lead in an attack on EDC in the French National Assembly over which he presides? There were evidently two reasons: first, he felt that the political unity to hold an international army

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together did not exist and that German nationalism would prevail in it; second, he—or at least his colleagues—feared that the United States, the chief supporter of the Defense Community, might not use it solely for defense, but for offense in "rolling back" the Communist frontier and thus bring on World War III. Fear of this kind does not readily yield to argument, and reassurance from our Government was made less reassuring by irresponsible statements by public men. Yet, when Sir Anthony Eden came to the rescue with the almost forgotten Brussels Pact of 1940 it was another proof that, in the minds of the leading statesmen of Europe, war as an instrument of policy had become an anachronism in that oldest and most constant breeder of wars, from the days of Charlemagne to those of Bismarck. The Brussels Pact provided for a continuing organization with a council of foreign ministers. The unsolved problem is how to link it with both the consultative bodies planning European union at Strasbourg and the economic organization of the Coal and Steel Community at Luxembourg.

There is, however, one comment on the Paris agreement, if and when it goes into effect. It permits the creation of a German army, within limits, to be sure, but nevertheless an army which will be the most powerful single force in Western Europe. How can this be prevented from militarizing Germany as it did from the days of Frederick the Great? This is what German Socialists and other pacifists fear above all, and their fears are skilfully fed by Communist propaganda. There is no certain answer to this apprehension, for militarism has been the dominant note in Prussian history. But two things are clear: it cannot be destroyed from outside the frontiers, for that effort lends itself to counter moves within the country, by invoking the old virtues of patriotism and loyalty to the State. There remains only one remedy, and it is the kind that ended militarism in France. The episode that forced civilian control over the generals was the Dreyfus affair. There is no nobler treatise on the demilitarization of a nation than "*L'armée nouvelle*" by Jean Jaures. The officer caste, built up from the Napoleonic legend, was forced to renounce politics. The same could happen to Germany. Our policies should work in with such a development and not, out of concern over Soviet aggression, play in with any trend toward a revival of military interference in Government. The weakness of the Weimar Republic was that the generals were given the right of way where they should have been checked. Hindenberg proved to be a cover for Hitler, and liberals like Walter Simons were ignored. Chancellor Adenauer is trying to avoid this pitfall. The men he has chosen to shape the new German army, Cruewell, Speidel, and Heusinger, as described in *The New York Times,* are apparently utterly unlike Groener and Seeckt, who militarized the Weimar Republic. The non-Prussian character of the proposed military organization is not sufficient guarantee for the Socialists, however, against a revival of militarism. They have not forgotten how they met in Berlin in 1919 by the hundred thousand to shout "nie wieder Krieg," and yet they became Hitler's slaves.

HOWEVER the future of Germany may turn out, I should like to accentuate a point which has been made by my friend Ed Murrow, that if the control of armaments can be worked out as among the Western allies, including Germany, the same principle should apply in the settlement of the Soviet armament question. It would take away the taint of hostility in the insistence on lessening and controlling Soviet armaments if the same procedure, after it had applied among friends, were extended to all nations alike. The greatest obstacle to peace is the complete lack of confidence by the free and the Communist nations in the good faith of each other; and this has been most evident in the long, futile debate over armament control. Perhaps in the application of the Paris Pact with Germany we may find a clue.

This will not come out of any change on the part of the Communist theory toward the West. That will always remain, if not hostile, at least contradictory. The Communists do not accept our theory of peace. For them capitalism means conflict, and permanent peace can be found only under the dictatorship of the proletariat, which means, of course, the dictatorship of Moscow, or perhaps Peking. But the USSR has been too realistic to follow its theories to their conclusion in every case. No other country has been less imprisoned by doctrine than this most doctrinaire of all. Expediency has time and again won out over theory. This has been true of both internal and foreign policy. The New Economic Policy of Lenin was an open violation of Marxism. Stalin's treaty with Hitler was a still more striking example. Now the element that is challenging the rigidity of Communism has vastly greater potential danger than Hitler ever had. Beyond and above the potentates of Communism at Moscow and Peking there is one supreme ruler, science.

Realizing this revolutionary fact, although not clearly at the time, the Carnegie Endowment in 1946, taking perhaps too literally the invitation of the Government to unofficial bodies to study the control of atomic energy, set up a committee composed mostly of scientists for that purpose. Its conclusions were subsequently ignored, and naturally so, because they ran counter to those of the Atomic Energy Commission and Mr. Baruch's plan for the United Nations. The chief difference lay in our placing ownership of fissionable materials in national commissions under an international commission with full power to interfere whenever the national authorities failed to report their activities, and the right to make general surveys in each country. The Baruch plan went far beyond this in the provision for international "managerial control or ownership of all atomic energy activities." This exclusive control over the greatest power in the world was to be placed in an Atomic Development Authority, which would become the chief defense of peace—if the plan worked. But, after eight years of futile negotiations, it is evident that the plan will not work, at least in this divided world.

Now two developments present a wholly new situation. The main scientific secrets are known. Some engineering secrets remain, but if the history of invention offers any clue—and it certainly does—the rest of the machinery will either become known or parallel machinery will be invented, some times as in the case of the British improving on ours. Therefore, the natural conclusion is that the whole problem of control has got out of hand. And this conclusion is reinforced by the fact, at first very alarming, that nuclear weapons are now much cheaper to make than those for which we had to build million-dollar factories at Oak Ridge and Hanford. As a nuclear scientist put it recently, "Nuclear warfare is now becoming a poor man's war," meaning that the small states will be as powerful, or at least as dangerous, as the great nations in the science of universal destruction.

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With secrecy gone or going in the scientific sphere and with the wider spread of nuclear weapons, have we reached the point of no return? By no means. We have reached the point where the revolution in warfare, first revealed in World War I, is now forcing mankind to renounce war on penalty of death, perhaps death for all. This is the ultimate conclusion if nuclear science pervades the whole realm of power, for beyond the hydrogen bomb capable of destroying not merely cities but provinces or countries lies the cobalt bomb, the poison of which would last for 1,000 years. These are the data of science, not the dreams of the uninformed. Every serious student of nuclear warfare agrees with the greatest of our soldiers that it must be given up. But it remains mere wishful thinking unless we can put something in the place of war, some agency of change and adjustment to break the iron clamp of ancient wrongs or defend human rights against oppression or attack.

This is the last great challenge to intelligence. It is not enough to create political agencies like the League of Nations or the United Nations if they reflect a world opinion geared to the past. We need to think in dynamic terms, geared to the ever-increasing, never-ending movement of events, as well as to the historical, repetitive life of the national state. The change that marked the passing of absolute sovereignty and ended isolation forever is the line to follow. The strategy of war must yield to the strategy of peace. Fortunately, in the Cold War against Communist aggression we have been developing our Clausewitzes and Mahans of peace. I mention only one, General Marshall. The outlines of the strategy were laid down by President Truman in his Inaugural of January 1946, one of the greatest state papers in history. In it he set forth four main points of foreign policy: support for the United Nations; cooperation in world recovery; protection against aggression; and the famous Point Four, "a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas."

This "bold new program" was not wholly new. The United States had already spent many billion dollars in foreign aid both during the war and after. But it marked the vast distance traveled by the United States from the sheltered continent of isolation, as it recognized that its peace and security depended on the good will of nations it hardly knew existed in that era of self-contained economy now gone forever.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 45)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1095

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

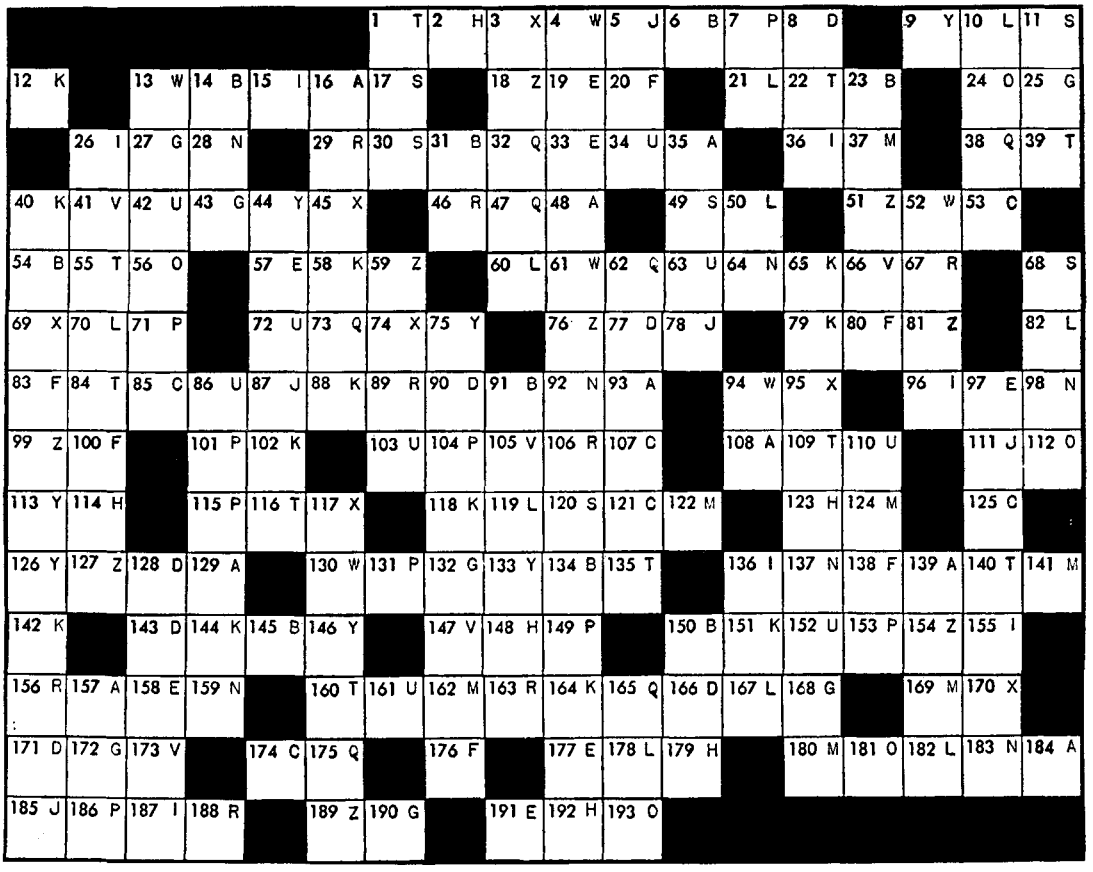
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What ailed Little Lord Fauntleroy's Grandpapa, the Earl.	93 157 184 48 139 16 129 108 35
B. Issuing forth from a source.	23 6 145 134 31 150 91 54 14
C. Greek sculptor, 5th cent. B.C., praised by Pausanias.	85 107 174 121 125 53
D. Sound of knocking (comp.).	128 77 143 166 8 171 90
E. Senator Spooner once said he had a gal.	33 97 158 177 57 19 191
F. Tendency to adopt costume and mental habits of the other sex.	100 80 83 176 20 138
G. Number of stripes—and of stars—in Key's Star Spangled Banner.	25 172 190 132 27 168 43
H. Describing that Trojan Horse.	114 2 123 179 192 148
I. Noisy, rapid, shuffling dance, esp. in southern U.S.	26 36 187 136 15 96 155
J. FDR Cabinet member whose revelatory diaries have been published recently.	87 185 111 5 78
K. The supposed twin planet of the Earth which Pythagoras believed was our protection from universal fires.	88 142 65 102 79 58 164 12 151 40 118 144
L. Occupancy.	60 70 182 82 167 119 50 10 21 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Sidle away from (2 wds.).	162 180 141 122 169 124 37
N. French poet and dramatist (1868-1918).	28 137 98 64 183 92 159
O. American poet, editor, columnist, who wrote English lyrics for an Offenbach opera (1877-1949).	56 24 193 112 181
P. Deceiver.	186 149 7 131 104 71 101 115 153
Q. Saturating.	73 175 62 47 165 32 38
R. Game which has supplanted Russian Bank, cribbage, pinochle, etc. as the conjugal entertainment on an evening at home.	156 29 106 89 46 163 67 188
S. Another name for the "black" cherry.	68 30 49 120 11 17
T. Another name for Word K.	39 22 84 160 1 109 135 116 55 140
U. Collegiate record for high jump (up to October 1954; 2 wds.).	103 63 86 110 72 42 152 34 161
V. Pleasant odor.	66 173 105 41 147
W. Sweet potato.	130 13 94 52 4 61
X. "The best defense."	95 74 170 69 3 45 117
Y. Constituent part which contains ultimate qualities, esp. of intangibles.	75 9 133 126 113 146 44
X. Refrain of "The British Grenadier" (comp.).	99 127 18 59 81 76 154 189 51

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 44 of this issue.

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VIVALDI
Concerto in C for Two Trumpets and Orchestra
Netherlands Philharmonic Orch., H. Sevenstern and F. Hausdoerfer, Trumpeters, Otto Ackermann, Cond.

WAGNER
Die Meistersinger, Prelude, Act 1
Zurich Tonhalle Orch., Otto Ackermann, Conducting

BACH
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor
Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle Salt Lake City

DUKAS
Sorcerer's Apprentice
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, Conducting

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